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OUR 60TH ISSUE

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



THE SOUNDS OF MUSIC
MUFFLED GROANS



OUR SIXTIETH ISSUE ALREADY? Sometimes it seems like we should be on our hundredth and other times we don't seem too far from issue fifteen, which was our first issue from San Francisco. This year seems to have just started too. Now it is over and we're into '83.

To kick it off, the incredible, if elusive, HARRY BUSH has come up with eight delightful drawings from his sketchbook for our annual calendar. VAL MARTIN graces (if that is the word) our cover for the first time in a long time and then tears into a photo session that ended in sheer bedlam and the beginning of a book that will be on the presses by the time you read this. We have a preview of an important book on ENEMAS, which means that our imitators will discover them soon, too, we hope.

And if that weren't enough, we have a sneak preview of another soon-to-come effort dedicated to PIERCING, SHAVING and TATTOOING in conjunction with GAUNTLET the folks at.

To our loyal readers, our talented contributors and everyone who is or has been a part of the past sixty DRUMMER issues, we wish the best of New Years.

We were saddened to learn that Roger Mays, author and proprietor of R.F.M. was killed in an automobile accident recently. Roger contributed much to the Leather/S&M genre and was widely known and liked. We have made arrangements to publish his final work in the THREE BULLS trilogy: *Three Bulls and the Rubbermaster*. Excerpts from which will be in DRUMMER soon.

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6 MALECALL/DEAR SIR

Get it off your chest, stud!

8 TRAINING THE HOUSE SLAVE

In which Robert Payne and Val Martin conspire to bring you the absolute visual guide to breaking in that new worthless domestic.

16 EROTIC ENEMAS

A Drummer exclusive! The first major book on erotic enemas is previewed in this excerpt by David Barton Jay.

22 DRUMMER DADDIES

A whole new battalion of hot dads in search of deserving sons.

27 THE NET

A super-hot full-length story by Frank O'Rourke printed in its entirety! An SM adventure with a surprise twist!

43 THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Larry Townsend's advice to the leather crowd.

45 THE 1983 HARRY BUSH CATALOG

The master artist of raw young hunks in the buff turns out a yearful of mouthwatering meat.

53 DRUMBEATS

Others just promise what Drummer delivers, more beef on the hoof than you can shake your stick at; all waiting to hear from you; all choice stuff.

73 DRUM

The ongoing adventures of the Drumer prototype by England's overly-imaginative Bill Ward.

80 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

You wanted more, and you got it!

83 LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

All the leather news fit to print. This is where to find out about it first.

85 DRUMMEDIA

The final film in R.W. Fassbinder's trilogy, bringing West Germany up to the 1950s.

87 SHAVED, PIERCED & TATTOOED

An exclusive excerpt from the new absolute guide to body decoration and sexual enhancement.

94 IN PASSING

One final word on the subject...

Cover and opposite page: Val Martin brings in the new year with and without his unruly house serf. Photo by Jim Wigler.

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VOLUME 7/NUMBER 60/JANUARY 1983

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

LEATHER BAR BLUES

I can honestly say that I have not howled so much with glee, in recent times, as I did when I read your "So You Want to Own a Leather Bar" essay in the November *Drummer*.

I have been going almost crazy with many of the same feelings you voiced about the bar business. Having been fighting to furnish the public with a "good bar" for almost three years now, it was refreshing to see someone else's experiences, joys, disappointments and frustrations in black and white. There are many parallels between your saga and mine. I do hope that I can resist the urge to "take your losses and go on to something else."

Unfortunately, during my visit last year to San Francisco, I didn't get to meet you. I wish I had. If I had the time and money right now, I'd probably get on a plane and come to San Francisco just to shake your hand! Hopefully, I'll get the opportunity soon, I'll even buy you a drink, as long as it doesn't cost me \$522.13.

With Reagan in Washington and Karpis's and the recession and most gay's attitudes and all the other fun things going on in the world, '82 has not been an especially great year. You have probably given me one of the best gifts anyone could receive (short of a good fuck), by giving me a good laugh at myself.

My most sincere thanks to you and *Drummer*. Keep up the good work!

Jaye Evans
Texas Drilling Company
Atlanta, GA

LEATHER BAR BLUES II

I just want to let you know how much I enjoyed your article, "So You Want to Own a Leather Bar" (*Drummer* 58). Having shared many of your experiences on a smaller scale in my own de-funked leather business, I believe your \$522.13 beers. I have a pair of leather pants from my shop I figure cost me \$6,000.

Issue 58 of *Drummer* was the best in a long time.

Bob Dawson

TITS RECALLED

I was going through my collection of *Drummer* back issues and came across issue 48 again. The torso on the cover with those big, ripe, ready-for-action tits again got my juices flowing. Those are some of the best nipples I've seen for quite a while. Only wish there had been more photos of the lucky guy included in the magazine. I am heavily into tit work (you name it, I've probably done it or am willing) and I have big nipples. I have met guys only twice who could equal mine and it was like finding a long lost brother. We couldn't think of enough tit games to get into. I'm

DRUMMER 6

strongly into nipple enlargement. Art work by the Hun (big pecs and tits) always gives me inspiration and a goal. Also, A.J.'s drawings are out front when it comes to pecs and nips.

Can't tell you how great it would be to see a spread on big nipples and heavy tit work in an upcoming issue. Please consider it.

Last weekend I got a copy of *Drummer Daddies*. Good stuff! Keep it up!

J. Clayton
Springfield, OH

COME IN MY CAR

I think your magazine is fantastic. Your writers seem to know what I really want. A story by Terrance Sagan, "You Can Come In My Car, (*Drummer* 51), really got to me. I wish I had been on the receiving end instead of Gary Neuman.

Leroy Bumgardner
Glinton, TN

BLACK MARRIED SLAVE

In my wildest imagination I never dreamed I would be writing to such a fine publication as *Drummer*. I enjoy it immensely. I have been an avid and fanatical reader of your magazine since its inception.

I am Black, a Baptist minister, 40 years old, into SM and leather, and definitely out of the closet. To top it all, I am married and my wife knows all about it. Do you find that reprehensible?

I have learned to accept myself as I am and to go on from there. Your fine magazine has helped and aided in that growth process tremendously. Thanks, loads.

I know that I was meant to serve a Master and that I will find *The One*.

I am muscular, 160 lbs., 5'7", 8½" uncut, pierced right tit (awaiting piercing of the left one) and ear.

I would like to see more articles on the Black gay male into SM and leather, if that's possible, water sports and rimming. Keep up the good work.

Slave Chuck
California

(Editor's note: The only thing reprehensible is that you didn't send us a photo of your fine self. You could probably tell us better than anyone else whether or not religious sublimation is the ultimate act of masochism, surrendering to a Master that you can never have.)

SCARED? SHITLESS!

In your last issue my letter on the Daddy/boy phenomenon followed one from a "scared" reader requesting his name be removed from your mailing list lest the FBI, CIA,— whatever— take action against him. Since both Scared and I live in Florida, hardly a bastion of

gay rights (though we do have a formal gay lobbyist in Tallahassee and an openly gay candidate for governor was on the primary election ballot), I couldn't help note the disparity in our views: Scared fears his name's inclusion on *Drummer's* subscription list, and I'm writing for *Drummer* not only using my real name, but having as that real name one so uncommon that I doubt anyone else in the country shares it. Surely government intelligence agencies have a lot more on me than Scared. And why am I not at all concerned?

Blackmail is only effective against those with something to hide. I've already divulged to millions of readers all my "secrets," while Scared is still hiding, terrified that "someone will find out." Has he not heard that Judy Garland is dead?

T.R. Witomski
Orlando, FL

KUDOS

After I was given a copy of issue 45 of *Drummer* two years ago, I've been reading your super magazine ever since. I have especially enjoyed the *Drummer Daddies* series. The three issues covering "The History of Foreskin" by Bud Berkeley were excellent and informative.

It seems that each time I open an issue of *Drummer* I end up losing a load. When I got to "The Video Explosion" (*Drummer* 54), it was beat, beat, beat, etc.

Many thanks for changing your policy on phone numbers; it saves a lot of time being able to call the ads.

What is the address of *Straight to Hell*?

Thanks, man, for a great macho mag; your work is excellent!

R. C. Betts
Dallas, TX

(Editor's Note: Thanks for all the nice words. The address for S.T.H. is: Box 982, Radio City Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. You might also check out the three anthologies from S.T.H. published by Gay Sunshine Press, Box 43097, S.F., CA 94140. They are titled: *Flesh, Meat, and Sex.*)

YEA DADDIES!

Your *Drummer Daddies* issue is terrific! Right on target! I'd love to find a dad to tell me what to do and how to do it. I constantly look for tht security, protection and teaching. Keep up the good work. *Drummer* is very exciting, very masculine, and for real men. I hope there is a sequel.

Keep up the off-beat pictures, stories and ideas. It's a fact that *Drummer* gives is man sex lovers something new and different each time. That's what keep me comming back!

Al
Pittsburgh, PA

GLAD YOU ASKED!

Who is Bill Ward? Is that his real name? Where is he from? Does he draw anything besides *Drum*?

C.S.

Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's Note: Glad you asked! Bill Ward is an English artist, currently living in London, who created *Drum* for *Drummer* magazine. This is the only place in the world where it appears. As far as we know, Bill Ward is his real name. His other work is elusive; not a great deal of it gets to America. What is available can usually be found at the Robb Gallery in New York. When there are individual drawings by Bill Ward available, rest assured you will see them in the pages of *Drummer*.)

CUT/UNCUT

You mentioned in your *Drummer* December 1982 issue (No. 59) which celebrities were uncut. How about listing those who are cut?

I remember reading a gay magazine from Detroit several years ago which listed which famous people were and weren't cut. I misplaced the clipping.

Mark Spitz, Rick and Dave Nelson, and Tony Curtis were among those listed as being cut.

Which Presidents were cut and uncut? I understand Truman wasn't.

R.O.K.

New Orleans, LA

(Editor's Note: Assume anyone who isn't cut is uncut. There is a literary pun in all this: There are only two kinds of people in the world, those who are cut and those who are not. Our best source of information (The Uncircumcized Society of America) tells us that you are probably right about Spitz, the Nelson's and Curtis. Truman? Who cares? Politically, it's probably safe to put the Kennedy's on the uncut side of the roster. But we can tell you about baseball players: Chuck Steelback, Vida Blue, Mike Kilkeny, Terry Forster, Jesus Alou, Joe DiMaggio were all uncut (according to USA); and race car drivers: Mario Andretti, Caley Yarborough, Bobby Unser, Roger McCluskey, and Gordon Johncock (also known as "Donkey Dick") were uncut—according to the same source. Any word on newscasters?)

TEAM FANTASY

My particular fantasy has never been in *Drummer*. This is it:

I'm jogging on the perimeter of a football field during a practice, and have been seen there before on a regular basis by the team and coaches.

One day the team is practicing and having a bad day of it. The coaches ride the team hard. They can't run, don't hit hard enough, etc. The coaches notice me jogging and start telling the team that they are going to start scouting joggers around the field if the team's performance doesn't improve. Well, it doesn't and the coaches give up for the day, giving the team lots of laps to run as punishment.

(Continued on page 82)

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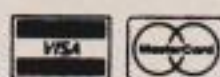
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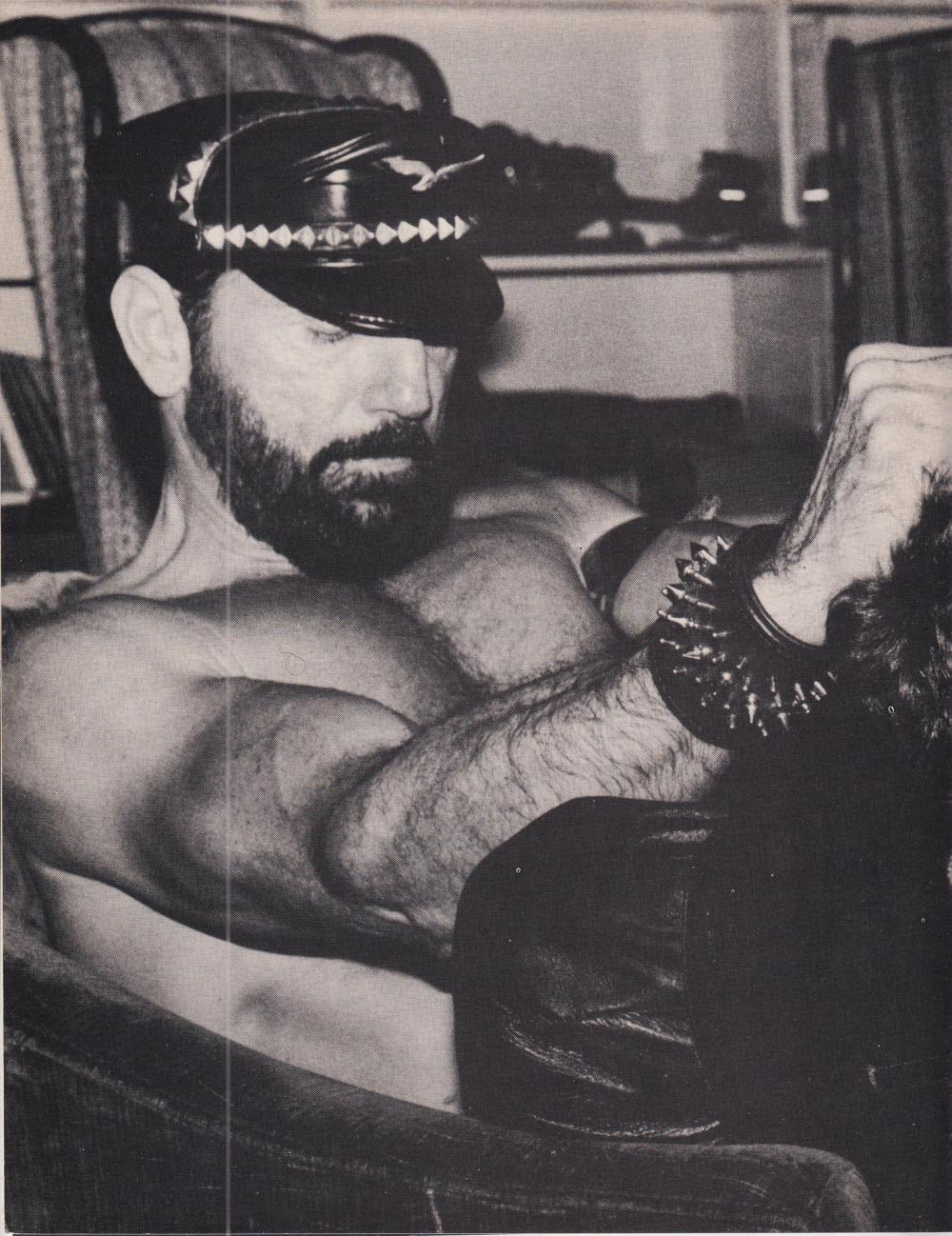
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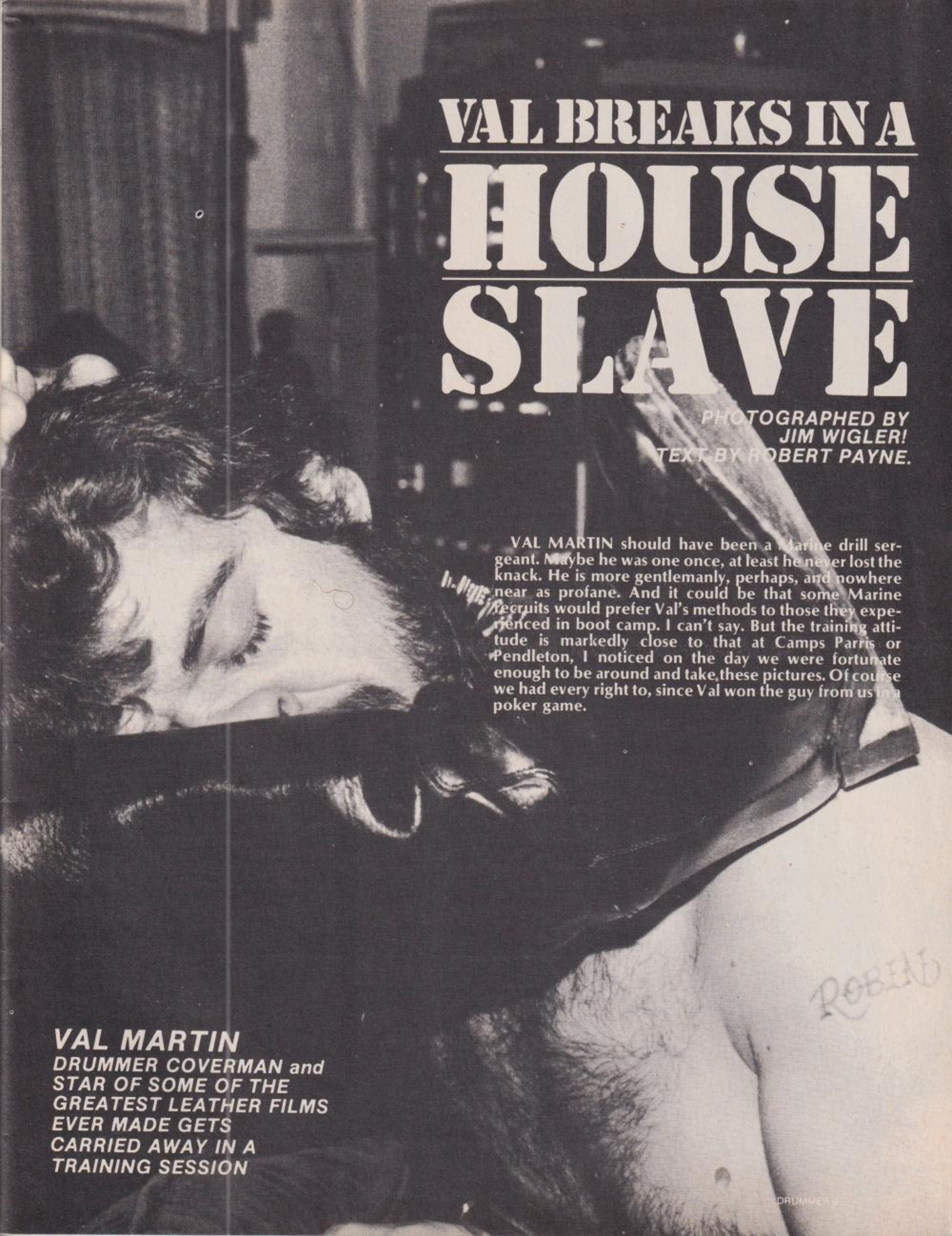
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VAL BREAKS IN A HOUSE SLAVE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JIM WIGLER!
TEXT BY ROBERT PAYNE.

VAL MARTIN should have been a Marine drill sergeant. Maybe he was one once, at least he never lost the knack. He is more gentlemanly, perhaps, and nowhere near as profane. And it could be that some Marine recruits would prefer Val's methods to those they experienced in boot camp. I can't say. But the training attitude is markedly close to that at Camps Parris or Pendleton, I noticed on the day we were fortunate enough to be around and take these pictures. Of course we had every right to, since Val won the guy from us in a poker game.

VAL MARTIN
DRUMMER COVERMAN and
STAR OF SOME OF THE
GREATEST LEATHER FILMS
EVER MADE GETS
CARRIED AWAY IN A
TRAINING SESSION



It was one of those games where, after you play for money, you play for clothes. In this case I made my houseboy strip as my cards got worse and worse. Finally there was nothing left to lose except the kid himself. He exchanged hands over a full house. I don't know where his clothes ended up, but I'm sure he hasn't seen them since that night.

When I turned Chris over to Val, the kid was clean-shaven and looked like a college boy, if a little street wise. A couple of weeks later when we took these pictures, he had spent most of the time locked up in Val's basement and needed a shave.

"I didn't have time to do anything with him," Val apologized to me.

"So what are you going to use him for?" I asked, somewhat naively. Val fastened one of his new Fetters chains around each of the kid's ankles and then his wrists.

"He's going to be a good boy," he stated in his own sweet understated way.

They went through the motions of showing the kid how to vacuum the floor. When that didn't go too well, Val simply pushed Chris' head down to the carpet and told him to suck it up. Simple and direct. Val's new houseboy was discovering some new talents he didn't know he had, including pushing a Hoover around, and tonguing a rug.

I will have to admit that I was becoming impressed by Val's ingenuity in thinking up uses for a houseboy rather than have him around underfoot. His instructions were direct and crouched in very few words, sort of like when you train a dog. "Sit!" "Kneel!" "Suck!" "Drink!" were all directives that require very little elaboration. A sharp smack to an exposed buttock got immediate attention and I noticed that grabbing a houseboy by the hair on his head to direct where you wanted his face, or mouth, is quite effective.

But it wasn't all beer and skittles— or piss and dog food, as the case may have been. The kid was rebellious and needed a firm hand. When Val pissed into a goblet to toilet-train Chris and the kid refused to empty it, Val simply made him drink direct from the tap.

"I said 'drink' not 'suck' you cocksucker!" He pushed the eager head away, at least far enough to receive but not participate.

During a lull in the action, I felt it was my turn to ask a few dumb questions. Besides, Val always cuts through the bullshit as few men can.

"How do you dress him, Val?" I always made the kid wear cut-offs and a torn t-shirt when we went out. With his faded, torn and holey sneakers to complete the effect.

"Dress him?"

"Yeah, what does he wear?"

"He doesn't need clothes, man. I tol' him if he didn't like running around in his birthday suit, I'd shave all the hair off him, then he'd really be naked." The kid isn't too hairy, but since I assume Val was including the hair on his head as well as his chest and crotch, it was no wonder Chris was content with just being naked.

Val was happily working on the fellow's tits. They had been enlarged somewhat since I last handled them. I can only imagine what all they had been subjected to.

"He was always running around with a hard on when I had him, Val. How did you put a stop to that?"

"Jerk him off. How many times you come today, asshole?"

"S-s-seven, Sir."

"How many more times you gonna come, boy?"





"A-a-as many as you say, Sir."

Val turned to me and said, "Look, I'll show you. Want some coffee?"

I said "yes" just to see what was coming next.

Val snapped his fingers and the kid went to put on the coffee. He came back quickly and handed it to us black. "I want cream in it, you jerkoff," Vall demanded in a quiet, even tone.

"Sir, there isn't any."

"What do you mean, there isn't any, cocksucker." He

grabbed Chris' cock. "I said I want a load of cream."

Val began manipulating the cock harder and faster. It sprang to attention. Seven times or no, it wasn't long before Chris was on the verge of delivering.

"Shoot, boy. Shoot now." And by God he did! Right into the cup. I halfway expected Val to use the kid's still hard dick to stir up the hot coffee w/cream with, but he let it drop.

"YOU want some cream?" Val politely asked me.

"No. No, thanks. I drink it black." A ninth shot, only a





couple of minutes later was too much to ask.

Chris knelt at Val's feet. He was unshaven, disheveled and could use a shower, but he never looked more beautiful than he did right then in his chains and bare skin. I had never figured out what to do with him. Street-wise and overly energetic, he had been more than I had bargained for. Maybe this was what he needed and perhaps he was smart enough to know it.

"Can he cook?" I asked. I had never bothered to find out.

"He's getting better," Val said. "I was making him eat it when it was bad but now I can honestly say he's getting good. He's pretty well broken in to dog food. Guess he started preferring it to his own cooking."

"What kind of dog food?" I asked incredulously.

"Good stuff," Val pointed in all seriousness. "Lotsa vitamins and stuff. Dogs love it." He pointed to a huge bag of a top name dry dog food. I guess with a dog AND a houseboy, it paid to buy in large quantities.

I was impressed. We were watching a dishwashing session during which Val threatened to make the kid drink the dishwater, new lemon-fresh Joy and all. Of course there were interruptions during which a lot of bootlicking asskissing went on. I'll have to admit that Chris' technique was improving minute by minute. But, alas, he let something slip and fall to the floor. It crashed loudly and Val gave a sigh. Getting up from his chair, he went to the kitchen and I heard him demand, "Get down on your knees!"

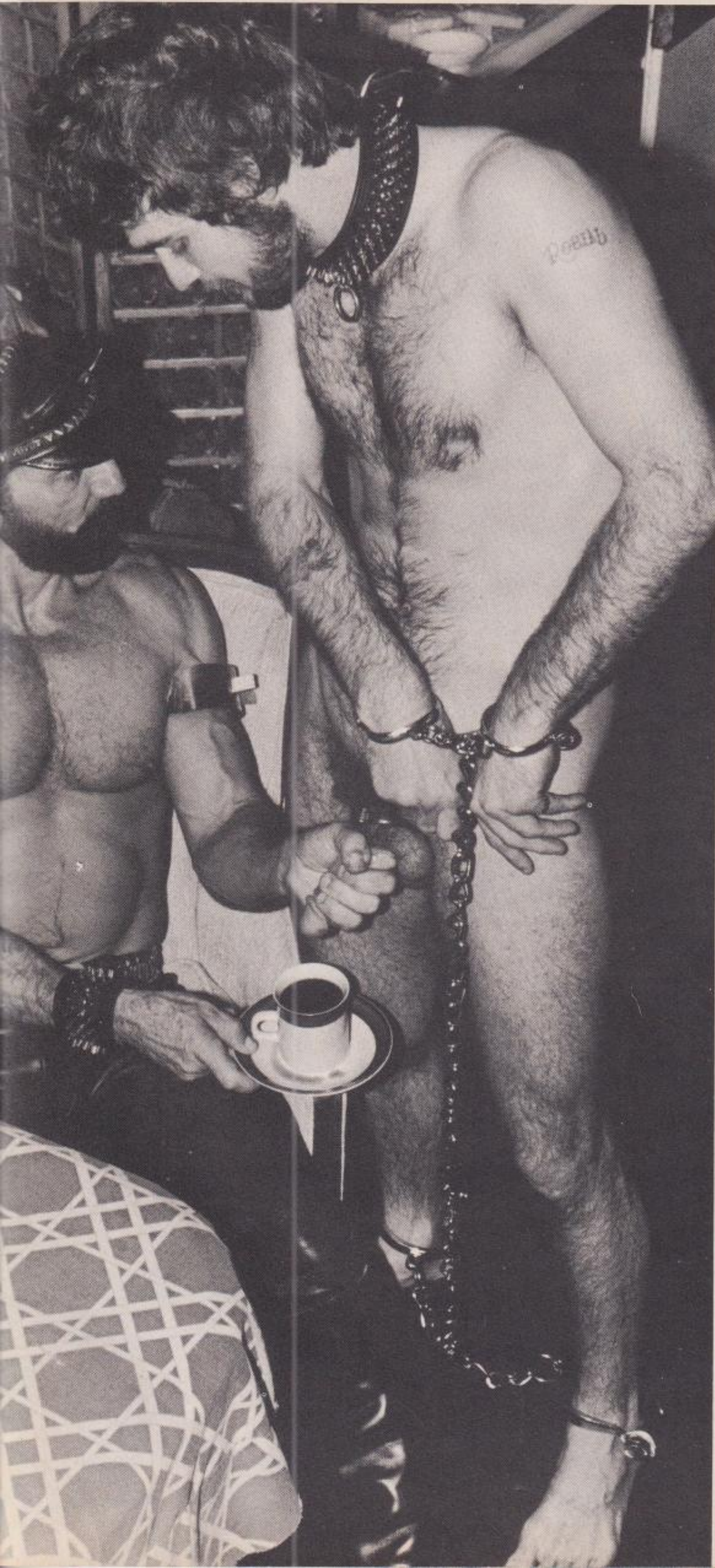
The sound of a belt across some naked flesh intrigued me to follow Val in to see what was going on. There was a bit of rough and tumble and the houseboy was getting far the worse of it. His back, rump and legs got flayed good and proper with a belt and he was squirming, trying to get out of the way of it. Then the unthinkable happened. The kid gave Val the finger. I didn't hear him say anything but this seemed to be his big moment of rebellion. It was short lived. He got his ass whipped with increased intensity until he was crying and begging for forgiveness. Val put him over his shoulder and took him down to the basement. He dumped him on the hard and cold concrete floor, then drug him across it over to the garage door. There was a cast-off real estate sign boldly exclaiming in big red and white letters: FOR SALE BY OWNER.

"You're gonna wear this around your neck until I get rid of you, you sonofabitch!" Val screamed at him. "Nobody says that to me!" The boy simply knelt on the garage floor and whimpered.

"What did he say?" I asked.







"He told me to go fuck myself— can you imagine that?"

Unforgiveable. Val took Chris over to a beam and grabbed some rope. He tied the kid spread-eagle to the overhead beam, then tied his ankles each to a pair of upright supports. Chris now looked frightened, ashamed and bordering on scared-to-death. Ah, the trials of discipline training. "Lemme see that ass, boy," Val growled in his best no-nonsense voice. The kid stuck his ass out and got a half-dozen blows across it with the belt. He continued to hold it out, almost begging for more, anything to atone for his hasty action.

"I didn't mean it, Sir. Honest. It was just when the belt hit my nuts..."

Val pointed to the kid's groin and belted, "Those are MY nuts, and you are going to lose them if you don't straighten up, you asshole."

"Y-y-yes, sir." And with that Chris shut up.

Val hung the big sign around the kid's neck and stepped back, admiring the effect.

"You think I ought to put a price on it, or shall we auction him off?"

"Please, sir. I'm YOUR boy..."

The rest of the story we'll have to fill you in with when the book comes out. There is a lesson there for all of us. □



For a pre-publication reservation of VAL TRAINS HIS HOUSESLAVE, write to Robert Payne, c/o DRUMMER, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. The book has a \$10 cover price and is available to DRUMMER readers at 7.95 prior to publication. We consider it the hottest thing VAL MARTIN has ever done...

EROTIC ENEMAS

By David Barton-Jay

All of a sudden I hit the floor!

The room spun around my dizzied head while I lay without motion, wondering whether I was still alive. Huge swollen balls covered with thick crops of wiry pubic hair, dripping with stale sweat, swayed above me. Great rubber hoses with shiny steel nozzles molded of monstrous thick pricks shot hot liquids at me with stinging force. The scary music of sirens screeched from a distance, coming closer.

"Jesus Goddam Christ!" I shouted out. "What the hell is happening to me?"

"It's okay," sang mysterious voices, in an unsuccessful effort to counter the chaos. *Okay? A big fucking ambulance is coming to get me and they're telling me Okay? What the fuck is going on here?*

Everything turned red. My body was getting hot. I felt like a flame. Formless faces of detached heads floated everywhere above me. They had no color, not even red. They danced over my head in a strange perfect harmony like strands of tall grass in a wind.

Then, crashing through what I supposed was a door came, "Well, where is the sick sonofabitch?" with an obvious lack of concern for my comfort. *Sick sonofabitch? Who the fuck is calling me a sick sonofabitch?* "Over here," answered an anonymous voice. "He's over here." Big men, their mouths covered with masks, wearing blindingly white uniforms, framed by what had become my new red world, were gaping down at me.

"Well, here's the little candy-assed faggot," grumbled one of them. "What's the matter with you, sucker? Did ya take too much cock, ya little sucker? Swallow too much of the salty nectar tonight. Huh? Well, answer me!" he bellowed. I couldn't respond. Another mammoth man arrived next to me. "Well, let's have a look at it," he said loosening my pants. "Let's give him a little more exposure," he continued, pulling them down to my lifeless knees. "Not bad," he observed and announced, examining between my legs, "Not bad. I'd say it might even get to look respectable if he'd put his cock-sucking mind to it. Right? Am I right, you little cocksucking pussy? Am I right?"

I tried to answer but no words could force their way through my fearfully frozen face. I heard one of them talking about giving me something to inhale to bring me around, to revive me. "Blow the fucker away," suggested a piercing voice. "Think so?" came a quick response. "Yeh, that's what the fucker needs. Give 'im a blast. That oughta do it." Looking up, I saw a pair of log-like legs straddling me; an immense pulsating asshole was lowered over my face. "C'mon, blow him away!" encouraged a tormenting voice. "Here, boy, take a whiff of this boy," my captor warned as a hot gust of pungent wind thundered from the big hole hovering just barely a hair above me. "C'mon baby, take a nice, deep, refreshing breath," urged the gruff, course statue. His fumes were disturbingly strong, but seemed to do the job as he grabbed my cock. There, squeezed in his hand, it began to harden. His relentless paw showed no signs of loosening.

Hundreds of hands swarmed over me, yanking my balls, pinching my startled nipples, pulling my pubic hair. "Let's go boy," whipped his command. "Let's get this thing going!"

Still captive in his hand, my cock continued to obey, becoming harder. "This thing ain't goin' noplac till it really gets goin'." No limp-dicked little nellie's gonna ride with us," he decreed. My cock burned as it continued to swell. Hairy fingers were all over me, pinching, tugging, pulling. One of them was forcing its way between my legs up toward my asshole. I tightened, hoping to stop it, but it was determined not to be detoured. It found my tender bud and thrust right in. I knew it was only a finger, but I remember thinking it felt like an arm; it dominated my entire being. I was impaled mercilessly, without any possibility of rescue.

"Shit!" came a cry, resounding over all else. "Shit! This faggot's full of shit!" The discovering finger remained locked deep inside me as the proclamations continued. "Clean it out, clean it out," reverberated a thousand voices. "Give 'im the hose, the hose, the hose," echoed endlessly among the strange beings filling this foreign new universe.

With my cock now large enough to satisfy my attendant, and without feeling the hands that moved me, I was lifted to the stainless steel stretcher. My

pants, revealing my manhood in command performance, now rested at my ankles. "Strap him down, strap him down," the voices sang again. Thick black leather straps coiled around my body, joining me inescapably to my horizontal jail. The hand holding my shaft held it even tighter; the powerful probe in my asshole sunk even deeper. Exposed, entrapped, enveloped, I was removed to the waiting ambulance. The doors swung open, the stretcher stationed quickly into place.

"Don't worry," whispered a dark, young attendant who'd been waiting for me. "We're gonna take real good care of you. We're gonna treat you just fine, give you just what you need." The ambulance sped off.

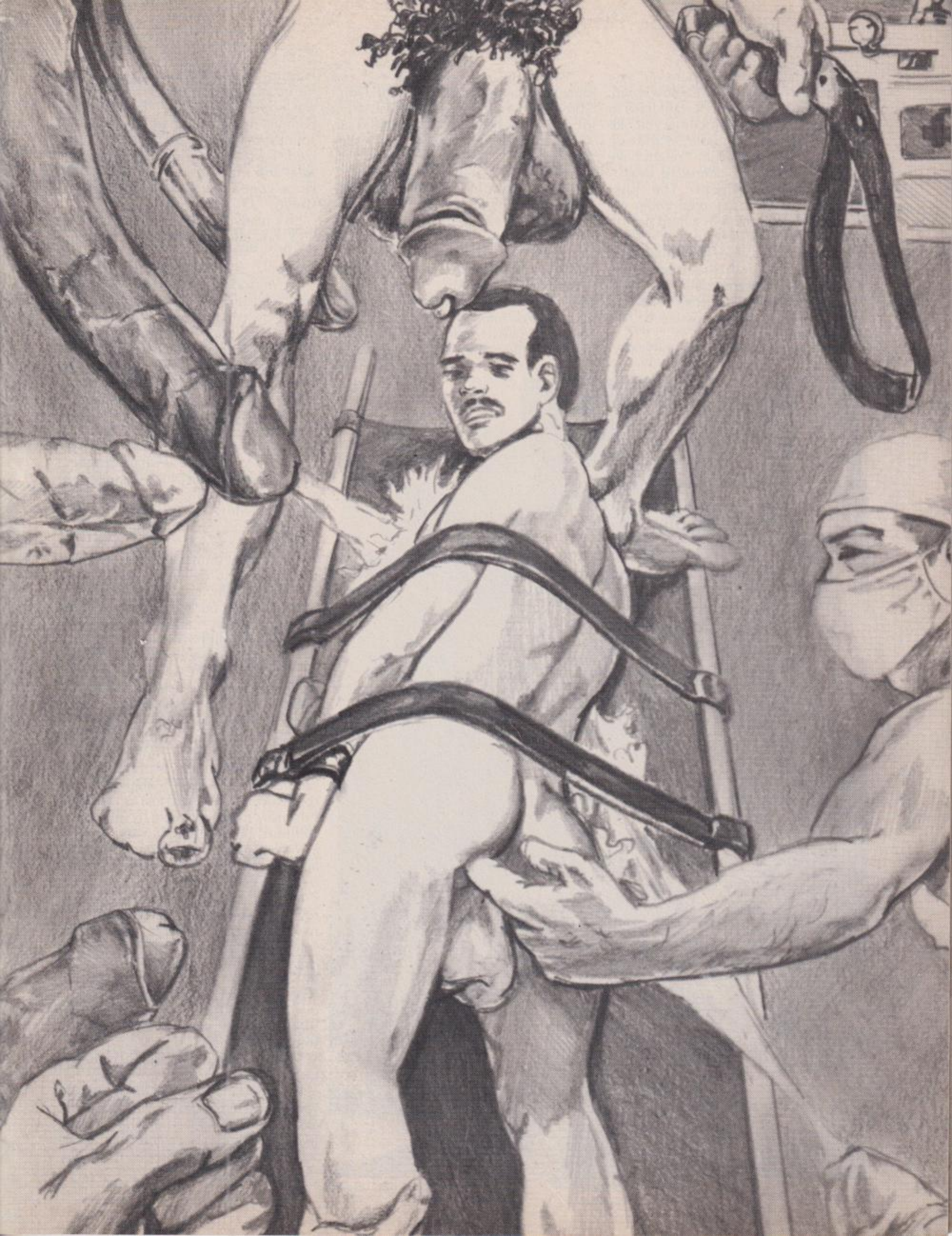
I felt slightly safer with him aboard until I looked up to see his big, dark dick hanging over me, peeing into a towel that had been placed on my chest. After the last drop had been milked out, the attendant, who had just—I thought—promised me kindness, covered my face with the sopping cloth. I felt my eyes burn. "Here, honey," he said. "It's my nice fresh stinking piss. Just breathe it in as hard as you can; it'll do wonders for you." I felt myself choking and fought to get some air, my head thrashing back and forth, a strong hand stopping my movements. "That's it," he insisted. "Nice deep breaths. Throughout the traumas I was aware that my cock had remained hard, and thick surgical gauze had been wrapped tightly around it, secured with white adhesive tape.

My restraints were temporarily loosened while I was turned, not unlike a pig on a spit, onto my stomach. The straps which bound me were refastened without delay. The finger, from which I was given only slight relief, was replaced by another, more menacing prod. This one was ice cold and I screamed as it entered me.

"Goddammit!" I protested to unsympathetic ears. "It hurts! Take it out! Please! Please! Please take it out!" For a moment I thought my captors had been overtaken with pity for me as the intruding object was quickly removed.

"Ah," I sighed in ecstasy, about to thank them for their consideration. But before I had another second to experience my anal freedom it was forced back in.

"No, not again please!" I pleaded.



"We'll take it out whenever you request, sir," offered a sarcastic warden, "but we're gonna shove it right back in again, too. So you decide how you like it— in to stay, or in and out, in and out, in and out." Any thought I might have entertained of being catered to, evaporated at that moment. The piss-drenched towel now forced under my face was accompanied by a hard slap on my ass; both cheeks at once.

"Now we're gonna hang this strap right nearby just in case we need to use it. Now you just remember it's only a reach away. Do you hear me?" shouted one of them, sounding possessed. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes!" I shouted back in anger. "Yes! I hear you!"

"Don't you dare to yell at me, you little goddammed sonofabitch! Don't you ever!" Another, more brutal, swing of the strap whistled through the air, terminating in pain on my bare stinging butt. "Now, do you hear me?" my keeper asked quietly.

"Yes," I almost whispered to please him.

"I can't hear you," he answered. "What did you say, little pussyboy?"

"I said I hear you," I said.

"I still can't hear you, pussyboy, you'll have to speak a little louder." In a slightly louder voice, I repeated that I had heard him. It still wasn't loud enough. I said it louder. He insisted that he still couldn't hear me. This went on and on and on until he made me scream

it again. When I did, as I knew he would, he hit me once more for screaming. It was hopeless. I decided to fight off the compelling urge to utter any other sounds. Whatever was in store, I realized, I would have to surrender to in total and silent submission. The ambulance continued its flight through the streets.

"It's ready," came an announcement. "It's hot and it's ready. All nice and ready."

"Well," said the young, dark attendant I mistook as I friend, "Very, very well." I listened for signs of what they might be talking about, but heard no clue. Something was happening with the prod sticking up my ass. They weren't changing its fucking position, but they were definitely doing something to it. I didn't move. I didn't risk making a sound. I was terrified. Suddenly someone said, "Okay, let 'er go." That's all I heard. Then there was silence. For a few seconds I didn't know what was going on. I didn't feel anything happen, but then, taken by complete surprise, I was able to identify the torture. They were giving me an enema! Jesus Christ, I thought, an enema!

The second thing I thought was that I wasn't going to be able to hold it. I felt the water gush into me. It was hot. I wanted to yell, but didn't. No one in the ambulance was saying a word. Suddenly, as suddenly as the water started, it stopped. Still not a word. Not a sound except that of the siren, still blaring through the streets. I felt a strange fullness in my ass, but got used to it. For a fraction of a second I even thought it felt good— like getting fucked. I was about to enjoy the thought, only to have it forestalled with more water. The pleasant fucking sensation changing quickly to torture again. Then, just as I thought I'd surely have to scream, it stopped. It still hurt, but, at least, it wasn't getting any worse. Still silence from my attendants. Again, the water inside my belly began to feel strangely good.

My face was lifted from the piss-wet towel by someone pulling my hair. A new stream, a forceful, fresh, foul-smelling piss drenched the towel. I dreaded my face being forced back down into it. The cock that had just delivered this new supply to my towel rested at my lips. I realized then how parched my mouth was. I was, by then, insanely thirsty.

"Thirsty, aren't you?" came the timely question.

I said nothing. I looked up to see who was connected to this now empty penis. His mouth was covered with a gauze mask, but I could tell by his eyes that he was smiling. A sinister smile, no doubt, but a smile nonetheless.



"Well," he said. "Had I thought about how thirsty you must be before I pissed into your pillow, you coulda had some. But now it's too late. It's all down there," he said, gesturing to the towel.

I looked down without thinking, licked my dry lips.

"Go on," he said, "wet your lips in my piss; go on wet them."

I moved my lips down to meet what he had called my pillow and brushed them against it.

"Now look at me," he requested. "You wanna suck the piss out from the towel, don't you? You're so thirsty that you wanna suck the piss right out of that fucking towel, don't you?"

I quietly answered yes.

"Well," he motioned with his hand, "go ahead."

As I began to do just that, he took the towel out from under me, and as he repeated and repeated and repeated how it was okay for me to suck every drop of piss from the towel to quench my thirst, he twisted and twisted and twisted the towel in his hands until every drop of piss was wrung from it, his yellow rain falling on my head. I managed to catch a drop or two as it trickled from my head, down onto my face, and near to my mouth. He untwisted the towel, folding it neatly, and returned it, pushing my face back down into it.

Sonofabitch, I thought. *You mother-fucking, cocksucking, shitlicking, fart-smelling sonofanogoodgoddambitch!* I fought back my tears.

The siren continued to scream through the streets. Where are we going? How long will it take? Where am I? Will I survive? My life was no longer in my control. I couldn't even say I was at the mercy of my captors; they were showing no mercy.

The enema continued. Into my ass it gorged. The panic in my belly almost made me forget about the nozzle lodged inside of me. I had gotten used to it.

"More," I heard someone say. "Give this shitty ass more, *More! More! More!*"

My insides felt like rapids in a wintry storm. I expected to bust wide open at any moment. No strength left to think about protest. Then, I heard a strange new term, "backflow." One of the attendants ordered, "backflow, flush the fucker out," and the water drained mysteriously from my body. The relief was the most exquisite sensation I had ever had. It was so wonderful I almost hoped for another enema just so that I could feel the sensation of relief again. I got my bittersweet wish. Once again I was filled; this time the water was cold. And just when I wanted again to die, the water was flushed away. I lost count of

how many times they did that to me. I was beginning to enjoy it. And then it stopped, the nozzle was removed, my ass was dried and powdered. Someone was rubbing my ass soothingly. My cock wanted to burst out of its bandages. My body still strapped down.

"Let's see his washed-out asshole now," someone suggested with obvious glee.

"Spread him apart," came another suggestion.

"Release his legs," added another. And so I was released, and so I was spread apart. My legs were held so far apart from each other that I expected to hear the skin tear right up the length of my back.

"Raise your ass pussyboy, raise it high

so we can all see your pussyboy asshole." I complied quickly, afraid of the possible consequences.

"Some asshole you got there, pussyboy. Is that where you take all them cocks? Huh, pussyboy? Huh?"

"Yes," I answered meekly. "Yes."

"Yes, what!" shouted a mean voice that was almost drowned out by the simultaneous slaps on my butt.

"Yes, sir, that's where I take all them cocks, sir."

"That's right, pussyboy, and you're gonna get you some cock right here and right now."

"Fuck him, fuck him, fuck the pussyboy good! Fuck him, fuck him, fuck the pussyboy good!"

At first, I thought this must be my



reward for taking my punishments, and just when I realized it was too good to be true, I heard: "This asshole ain't tight enough to take a decent shit!"

Oh god, I thought, what now!

"You're gettin' fucked with some kinda big prick pussyboy, but I don't fuckin' feel a thing. This asshole's like some goddammed stretched out old bag of a pussy. It's gonna take more than a prick to fill this pussyboy hole."

"Grease 'im up," came the next command. "Grease 'im up. Pussy's been a good boy; he deserves a little hand. Let's give pussyboy a little hand."

"How about a big hand?" suggested an enthusiastic attendant. "He deserves a big hand."

For a bizarre moment I expected to hear applause, but then the spell was broken. I was getting the hand.

"Pussyboy's asshole's all emptied out now; give 'im a hand," they repeated over and over again. "All emptied out now, give 'im a hand." Something was placed beneath the center of my body and my ass was even higher than before. Surely, I thought, if anyone can see into this ambulance, they will surely see my rump. I felt something cold and smooth cover my entire ass. It was not unpleasant. And then the fingers began to enter me.

"C'mon pussyboy, open your hole. Let's be friends," he said, "let's begin by shaking hands."

"C'mon," he persisted, his fingers now inside of me. "C'mon pussy, pussy, pussyboy, grab hold a my hand and give it a nice man-to-man shake. Yeah,

"Every few seconds, the big strap landed hard on my ass... my sore, helpless, shitless, sorry ass."

pussyboy, how do you do? Glad to make your acquaintance. Don't be afraid to reach out for my hand, pussyboy, just take it, wrap your fucking asshole around it and give it a shake, a real convincing man-to-man shake."

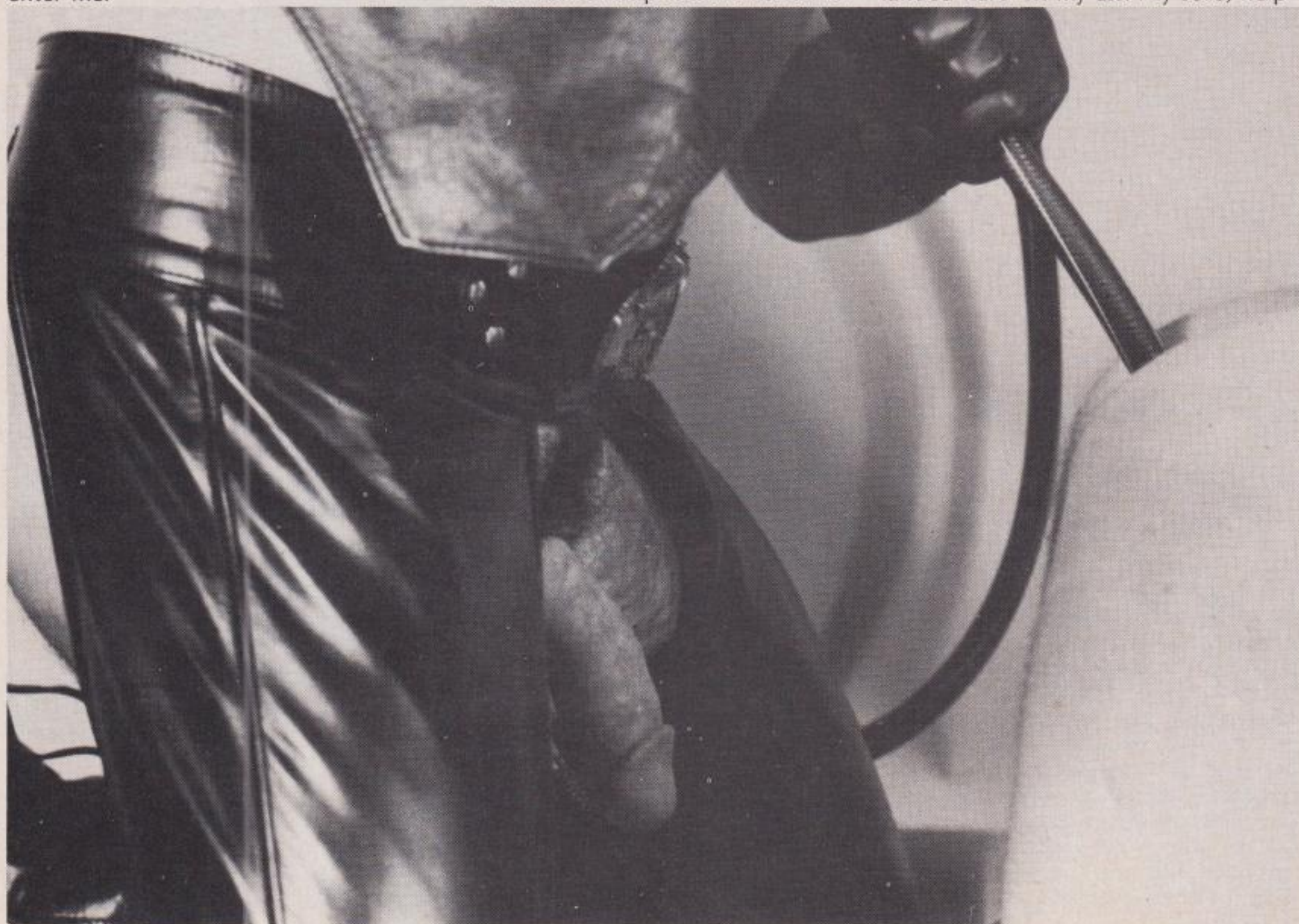
Powerless to keep out the hand now

offered in forced diabolical friendship, it had entered me with a brief, but excruciating pain. My entire body pained. I was about to cry out but the pain began to subside. Here, at this point, just like with the enema, it began to feel good— but not for long.

"Shake my hand, pussyboy!" he screamed at me. "Here I am offering you my nice big hand in friendship and you're not shakin' it! Shake it!"

I got his message and began to bob my ass up and down as much as I could. Without announcement, I discovered then, my leather restraints had been quietly removed, but still I had no freedom. Deep inside my empty ass, the maniacal hand insisted it be greeted with a man-to-man handshake. I did try, with whatever energy I could feebly muster, I did try.

"You fuck like a pussyboy, and you shake hands like one, too! C'mon be a goddammed man! Shake my goddammed hand! Grab it, you fucker, and shake the fucking hell out of it. C'mon, tighten up that old loose bag of a pussy you got there and shake my goddammed hairy fuckin' hand!" This torment was accompanied not only by an internal stinging, but an external one as well. Every few seconds, the big strap landed hard on my ass. My sore, help-



less, shitless, sorry ass. If ever the term "spanking clean" was appropriate, it surely was now.

Finally, forcing my ass in exaggerated fuck-like movements, I got my master's approval.

"Well, now," as I continued to bounce, "Look at that fairyass fly. Fly, fairyass, fly." Another stinging series of slaps was served as I pleased those gathering around.

"Move your ass, faggot."

"Ride high, Mary."

"Shake those shimmering mounds at me," are just a few of the calls I can remember.

"Okay, pussyboy, Let goa my hand. You've enjoyed it long enough." As his last word fell from his tongue, so did his hand flee the grip of my burning asshole—with a pop sounding funnily like a champagne cork signalling the start of a party.

The ambulance sped and swerved to its seemingly too distant destination. For the moment I felt content and hopeful; the end of this anal odyssey was near.

"Piss time," obviously a favorite moment by the excited chatter the announcement evoked. "Get your piss-cocks ready for pussyass, fellas. Fill 'er up," came the order.

My insides were flooded with what

felt like gallons of hot steaming piss—indeed another enema! They took turns relieving themselves into me as I was cautioned to hold "every yellow drop." I squirmed and wiggled to accommodate them and their foamy liquids until, finally, the last in line had had his turn.

"Good boy, pisshole," came the ver-

"They took turns relieving themselves into me as I was cautioned to hold every yellow drop."

bal reward. "Fuckin' pisshole's filled to the brim. Get the bucket," someone instructed. "Set him on it," added another.

I found myself straddling a stainless steel container with rolled edges that felt unexpectedly, but welcomely, com-

fortable. "Hold that pissload till I tell 'ya otherwise," rang out, cutting off my hope of instant relief.

My audience gathered around me atop the bucket now in the center of what little floor this chamber had. "Okay, now piss outta your pussy," my attendants allowed. It felt like giving birth to an ocean, as I squeezed it out with such force that waves splashed up, washing my now communal ass.

"Emergency Romm's in sight," alerted a navigator. "Get him ready for transfer."

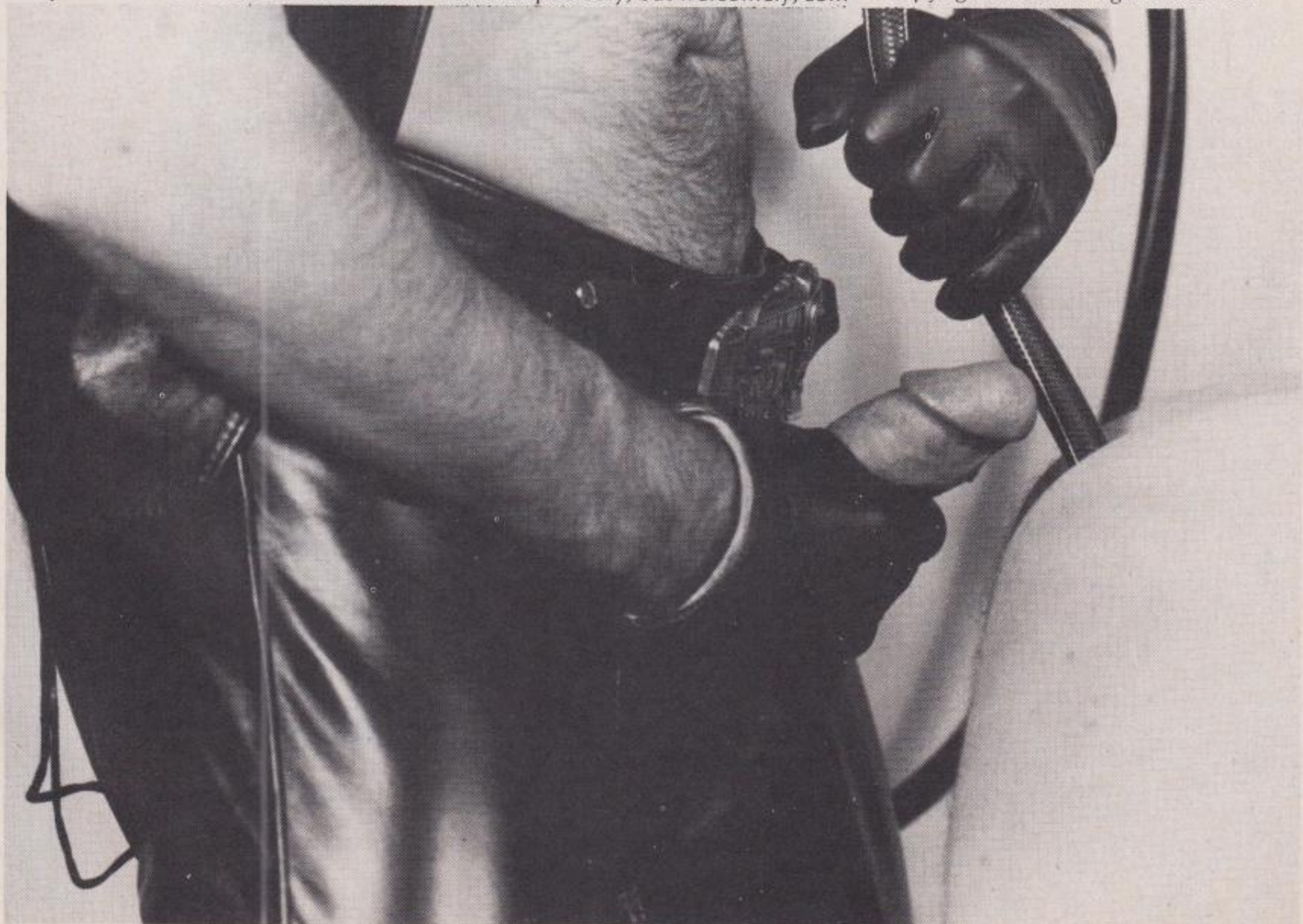
I was placed back on my belly, hooked up again to the enema....

"...Danny? Danny? Wake up Honey. It's twenty 't eight," Ted was saying, with his arm over my back as usual.

"Hi— good morning, Honey," I answered happily. "Jesus, you're not gonna believe the dream I was havin'."

Well, tell me while I empty my piss-hole," he said, referring to our usual morning ritual. Moving to my hands and knees, I held my hole open as he entered his personal, loyal, and loving toilet. "There was this ambulance, see, and...."

Excerpt from "The Enema as an Erotic Art and Its History" by David Barton-Jay. Copyright 1982. All rights reserved.



IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN

DRUMMER'S DADDIES



DADS & SONS & SM

I've been reading the articles you have had in the past few issues of *Drummer* on daddys and daddys' boys with interest; overall they are good but there is a danger of one element creeping in and changing the whole thing to just another extension of "Drumbeats."

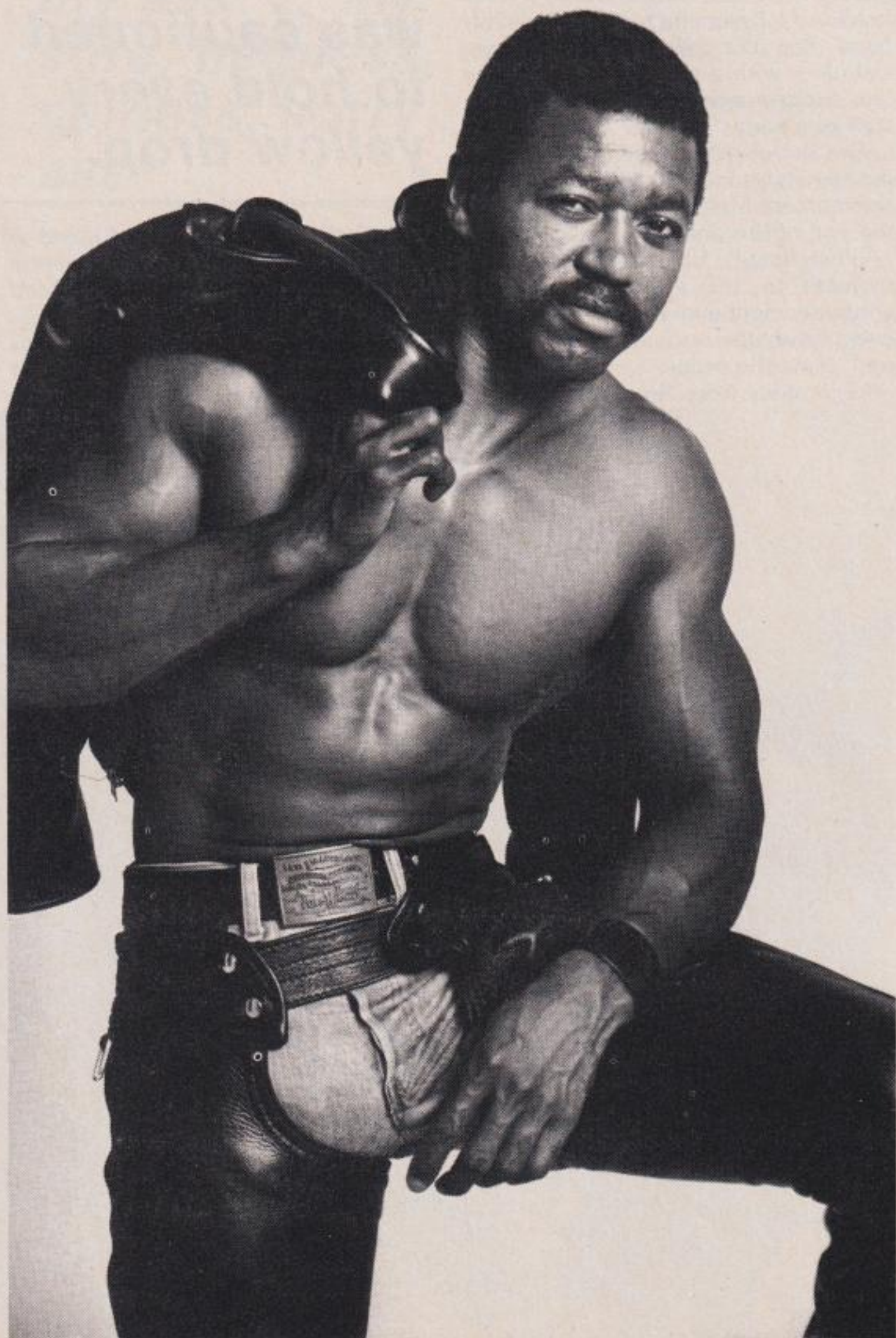
The relationship of a daddy and his boy/son is not one of SM. The SM scene may be part of it, but only a part. Most daddys' boys are looking for the father figure they lacked or lost as a child. Many want to bring back the butch, dominant, ass-slapping old man that they had to give up when they had to leave home. They couldn't keep the real thing so they are looking for something to replace it.

I was brought up in the thirty's and forty's and had an old man that played by the rules. A man didn't cry after he was seven, he used iodine on all cuts, no man kissed another man after he was seven, and when deodorant was introduced men still washed with Lifebuoy soap. If you didn't follow these rules you were a sissy which translated into queer. My generation also didn't trust our parents in anything. We got out as soon as possible.

Drummer is responsible for me becoming a daddy. I had never thought of it and in fact didn't have time for anyone under thirty-five. Shortly before you people came out with the first Daddy issue I sent in my picture, hoping it would be included. It didn't make it because I was fully clothed. You were kind enough to write back to ask if you could include one of my pictures in your "Tough Customers" department. It was and you labeled it "Georgia Daddy." From that day I have had all the sons I can cope with or handle—some of them are pretty insistent.

I understand Robert Payne is doing a book on daddys. I would appreciate it if he would look into what I have outlined above. In my mind it is much better and more fulfilling—at least to this daddy.

Keep up the good work. You people are the foremost authority on leather and SM in the country. Just remember that there are a lot of us not on the West Coast and a ten inch cock is a ten inch cock regardless if it is under the California sun—out in the cold of the North East—stomped on in Chicago—or treated to the hospitality of the South



Daddy Doug from Los Angeles, California

East.

One of my boys pointed out that I should have written this to you from the outset— I don't know why I didn't. Please accept my apologies— Think about what I've written.

P.W.
Georgia

BOYS NEED SPANKING

I hope you run this letter for all boys that are afraid of getting spanked too much or too hard by their Dads. When I met my ex-Marine Dad I was 26 and didn't know how important strict discipline was. Now I'm 28 and I realize how important Dad's big, raw, wooden paddle is. At first he would put me on display for his drinking buddies. He would save my spankings for then. They would come over, drink beer and he would see to it that they got a show. The sessions would always end with me fetching his ass warmer and peeling my cotton panties down below my knees for a hot licking administered by Dad's fearsome swing. He played baseball in college. "Son," he would always say, "get in the ole position and take it like a man."

I've always done my best to make him proud in front of his buddies by baring my butt and not whimpering or crying as he blistered my ass.

Dad has taught me over the years how to conduct myself as a man. He has trained me to wash his shit pot, spit shine his boots, make his bed military-style, and of course polish and shine his fraternity paddle "Big Red." He has always said that the Marine way is the only way and that goes for discipline too.

He is a big, very strict, letter-of-the-law man and his rules are very clearly spelled out. In the beginning I thought he was a cruel man for blistering me for the slightest mistake, especially in front of his buddies. I know now that it is for my own good because before each spanking he explains what lesson he's trying to teach me. Even in front of other men as I stand, bent over, poking my naked butt out, "in the ole position," waiting for the paddle, he explains what I've done to deserve "Big Red." Dressed only in his Marine Jock strap and holding the paddle in his gloved hands, Dad begins the lickin'. My poor ole ass is almost always black and blue before he puts "Big Red" down.

I get licked mostly because of my dirty masturbation habits. My dad says that a boy my age should whack off once a week only and my assigned day is Wednesday. Every Wednesday I stand in the shower and pray that Dad won't turn off the hot water and make me beat off under the cold shower like he had to do when he was in the Marines. I've learned to whack off like a real man with balls bouncing and cock forward and center. If Dad catches me playing with it or if he even thinks I've been stroking my cock or balls it means a paddling so hard I walk funny and can't sit down for a week. Dad says it's natural for a boy my age to get a boner and my boner is exer-

cised away every morning along with sit ups, push ups and hard military style exercises. Some mornings it's hard not to touch my boy cock but Dad reminds me of old "Big Red" hanging in the john over the toilet. He says masturbation is a dirty habit for a boy and that only men such as himself with enough discipline to know when to stop should do it. So many mornings I stand at attention and watch my old man whack off his boner and think of the day when I will be old enough to do it.

Maybe one day with enough bare ass blisterings I'll grow up in my dad's eyes. My advice to all you boys is to thank your dad with every lick of the paddle because it's the only way we can earn respect and privileges.

R.S.
Atlanta

WANTS OLDER DAD

I have always enjoyed your series on Daddies. I am a white male, 40, 5'11", 190 lbs., who is still seeking an older Dad I can care for. Your series has made me realize that they are out there and that I am not unique in my desires.

B.W.
Ft. Wayne, IN

MAN'S COUNTRY DAD

I have been following your series "Drummer Daddies" with great interest. It would seem that from the response there are Daddies and sons all over this great country of ours. So, I thought you might like to hear from a Daddy in Man's Country, Central Texas.

I am 35 years old, 6', 155 lbs., with a thick, uncut, 8½ inch cock, and am in good shape. I have a full black beard and a hairy chest. A potential son should be between 19-35 with a good build, who is willing to give himself over to me so that I can begin to shape him into a man.

He will probably need to get rid of a lot of fucked-up ideas he has about life. This will be done! My son will be disciplined by my belt when he disobeys me. His body will be mine to do with as I please, be that shaving, piercing, drinking my piss, or anything else I want. Along with me, he will explore all of his and my fantasies. My son will work out to improve his body, study to improve his mind, and hold a job to help improve his understanding of the world as it is today. But first and foremost, my son will be proud to be a man and proud of his Dad and their special relationship.

D.R. Nunn
Austin, TX

SON EARNS PHOTOS

Let me congratulate you, Sir, on your just published *Drummer Daddies*.

It is the greatest publication to come out yet— and that's saying a lot for all of *Drummer* is great, and I have been a faithful subscriber and buyer of it for years.

Basically I am a son— who worships, wants to serve and service daddies and butch masters. I love to polish macho guy's boots— spit lick them and keep them shining like glass. I like to have a

macho dad use me for his pleasure— and not give a fuck about mine.

Well, in any case, Sir, keep *Drummer* and *Drummer Daddies* coming. I will always subscribe and buy it.

I would love to correspond with some daddies, and would like to earn photographs of macho men— boots and shoes and big cocks are a turn on— also hairy chests and tattoos, and pix of macho guys pissing in urinals, beer cans, younger men's mouths, etc.

I would also like to know if any guys are willing to send eager sons rubbers. Or photos of their boots and dicks.

One of my best talents is licking and sniffing a macho stud's leather boots all over— heels, soles, tops, insides, etc., and then giving him a super spit shoe shine or boot shine— all the while he, my master, repays me by calling me names like "come on, you no good, boot-licking, cocksucking, pissdrinking s.o.b., come on you fuck-off, shine those boots." I like to have a guy stand over me, unzip his fly and piss in my mouth— and then demand that I call him Sir and thank him for pissing in me by letting me suck him off or by letting him fuck the hell out of me.

Paul
New York City

A DADDY & A MASTER

To serve a dominant daddy and Master in leather is my desire. At the present, I am attending college building both body and mind in hopes to please. I stand 6'2" and currently weigh 170 lbs.

The daddy I seek is one whose physical height and attraction will naturally command my attention and respect. I will look up to him and know that his strong hand of sure guidance and fatherly discipline will be there— always.

My trust, loyalty, and love will be his to share and shape into a son and slave he will be proud of. Though only considering myself raw material, I am ready for the training I need.

Jerry
Los Angeles

SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY

Southern son seeks his daddy. Son is 32, 5'11", 170 lbs., sophisticated, well built, bearded, dark hair, handsome and intelligent. Son is searching for his daddy who is at least 35, hairy and loving.

Boardwalk crowds separated son from daddy in 1957 in Daytona Beach, Florida, near the Arcade. Son remembers daddy having a real big dick, about 10 inches, thick, uncut and always wet.

Daddy, please write me. I need to regain your dominant influence and know your power. Your son needs to be toilet trained and needs you to work on his tits, cock, balls, and ass.

Please respond with two photos, one nude, the other clothed as you would want to turn on your son. Daddy, I would also like you to send a pissed-on, cum-filled jock. I will know by the smell

and taste of your piss and cum that you are my real daddy.

Son lives in Dallas and travels extensively.

J.B.D.
Texas

WATERSPORTS DAD

Is there a master/dad out there looking for a slave/son to shave, put in chains, use, abuse, and possibly love him? If so, I am a w/m, 29, who needs you. I am pierced and tattooed, but I need a master/dad to take control of my life and would not mind calling him "Dad." I am already into watersports, bondage, spanking, humiliation, diapers, rubber, leather, and being totally controlled.

T.S.
San Francisco

CONTEST SON

I was looking through Issue No. 55 of *Drummer*, especially at the pictures of the finalists in the International Mr. Leather '82 contest. And somehow I feel that something is not quite right in the selection procedures.

It may be that I have a somewhat different perspective due to my age and activity. I am an older Topman, usually a Master, and a Dad to a few. More specifically: early 50's, about 6 feet, hung, trim, hair beginning to gray and mostly bald, active, like outdoors and participant sports, but also am intellectual, degreed, honored, professionally and where appropriate very formal in appearance and behavior though I can make others comfortable, like canoeing and slow-motorcycling in mountains and back-country, somewhat aristocratic in the standards placed upon myself.

So from such point of view as I may have it seems that those interested in leather-levi "symbols" may be either Masters, Topmen, Daddy's boys, slaves, or bottom-men. And the annual Mr. Leather contest ought to have different classifications.

I come to this notion because I am especially impressed by the young man whom I shall call Mr. 21 whose picture appears on the top-right of page 47 of Issue 55. I do not think he is Mr. Master Leather, though I would not deny the possibility that he may be a Master; in fact, I would not disparage anything about his actual status or role. But to me he comes close to being the ideal Daddy's boy who is not merely a house-pet. I'd push the guy through school, drive him through college, open every door I could for his career or professional activity, and he'd be a damn obedient and responsive boy at home too. And as he gets older he would become a good Master and Daddy for younger fellows of quality who can make a mark in the world.

I do not wish to say that the Leather contest is exactly analogous to a dog show, but some parallel procedures might be relevant. Each dog-breed has a best-of-breed selection, and there is a selection of best-in-show in its

entirety. Thus there is the best of breed among the Great Danes, but the best of poodles might be the best-of-show also.

Mr. 21 is not a poodle, but he is not a Great Dane either; he is a short-haired German shepherd or a Rhodesian ridgeback. After reviewing as best I could the contestants shown in all of the pictures, to me Mr. 21 is the Best-of-Show, but he is not Mr. Topman Leather. Gawd I would like to have a son somewhat like him.

I should add, for your judgement of the fact and me, that I have practically no leather-drag, only boots which I obtained for other utilitarian reasons, some leather items, but no dress leather clothing.

G.O.
Ohio

DAD'S POUCH

My father died rather suddenly some 35 years ago at age 35 when I was 12. I remember him as a short, stocky Mediterranean-Jewish type, olive-skinned, black hair, large-boned with great arms and hair-covered pecs against which I used to snuggle as a kid. Very much like the famous Colt model Bruno, who sets hearts aflutter whenever he appears on the streets of Greenwich Village.

Unfortunately, I got my build from my mother's German ancestors—fairer and taller with long limbs. Only after years of off-and-on body-building do I find myself more acceptably shaped.

While I was growing up, Daddy didn't much hesitate to appear in my presence with his thick cut cock dangling in front of me, sometimes encased in the snap-on pouch of his 6-inch high abdominal belt which he wore to check his increasingly protruding stomach. After my mom died some years ago, I found among her possessions some of dad's jockey shorts, jockstraps and abdominal belts with pouches, which I highly treasure.

I find myself gravitating to this type during sexual pursuits, and over the years have had many hot scenes with such partners dressed in full leathers, uniforms and gym clothes.

Some years ago while on a motorcycle trip alone across Pennsylvania, I stopped at a diner and found myself sitting across from a family group. The father was in the uniform of a highway patrolman—regular tan trousers with short-sleeved tan shirt, not to be confused with the CHP uniform—and looked very much like the older partner in the TV series "Simon and Simon," balding, mustache, bulging arms. Next to him were his wife, two girls, and the youngest, a meek, skinny little boy of about six, too well behaved. Looking at this dad and son brought back many memories of my own boyhood, and I wondered whether this boy would also grow up worshipping his father like I did.

By the way, I met Bruno once at a party. He was with a younger well-built blond type. They only had eyes for each

other and did not mingle with the crowd.

EDS
New York City

DADDY'S COLLEGE BOY

You, candidate for the title of "my son," are over eighteen and have at least finished high school or military service. Since others raised you, clearly you need a change of attitudes, habits, and location. You must be w/m, butch, cut, over 5'8", and have slender hips. Given these, and your attitude is more important than anything else including endowment. But I hope you are athletic, intelligent, talented, good looking, but not perfect. Having been exposed to a discipline situation is a bonus. At your age you are longing to be with and serve just one man who is dependable, firm, and fair; someone who wants you more for what you could be than you are now; someone who will someday be proud to have you and call you his son. If you're built, fine; but whether or not, as your demanding trainer I'll stand you at naked attention, inspect you, and, enjoying diabolic methods including sexually teasing you, improve your body with naked daily calisthenics, hours in the gym, running. You'll eat a proper diet. You'll earn the benefits of physical labor. During training, your vocabulary will consist of yes, no, please, permission to, all with Sir. At other times Sir and Dad are used. Your actions and bearing will radiate respect, trust, and obedience. If not, you'll learn obedience from my belt and find yourself in any position to effectively receive it. Do I have to break any bad habits? You'll learn for whom and what your body parts are reserved, how to manipulate them, spend time in restraints, and wear my toys. I'll review your ambitions, assess your abilities, then send you to college and direct your studies. My standing orders will guide your conduct. A daily schedule will keep you busy at chores, studies, practicing (if you have any talent), working out (at your sport or my choice for you).

I'll provide your entertainment (and I don't mean TV. You don't need that, anyway) as you will be mine. When you're trained, I'll add to our list of enjoyments backpacking, camping, sailing, scuba, skiing, and traveling. But my desert ranch will be our favorite place and I'll enjoy watching your rock-hard nude body working in the sun.

C.G.
California

WORKABLE SON

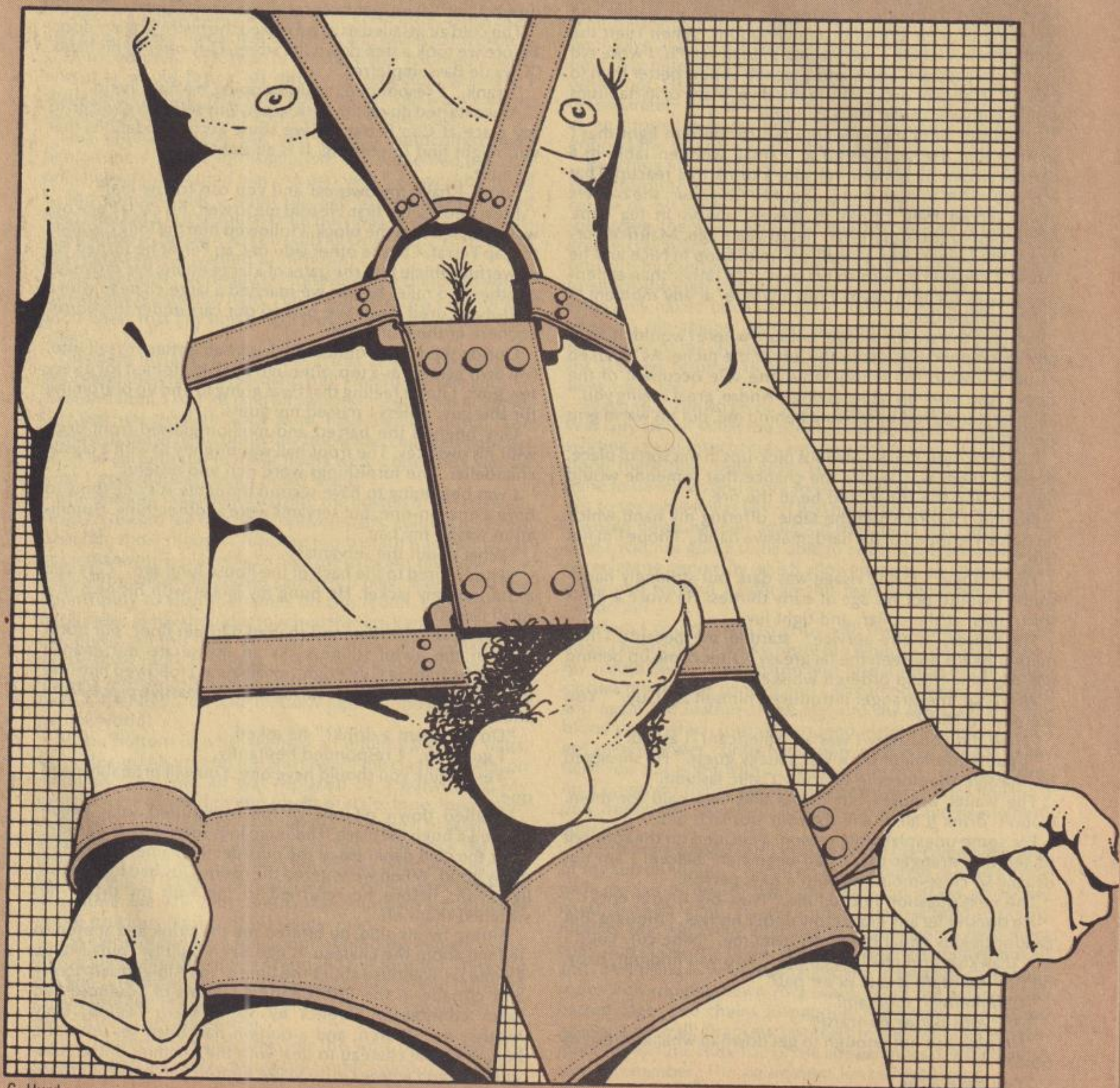
I have enjoyed *Drummer* for the past four issues and really loved *Drummer Daddies*.

I am a mature white male, 50, 6'1", 185#, sandy greying hair, blue eyes, recently into light SM mostly in attitude and cooperation instead of arguing and fighting by bullheaded self-centered inmates like I used to write for years. I don't get into rough stuff or pain and used to be quite easy going. Sadly hurt

(Continued on page 84)

THE NET

by Frank O'Rourke



It was a cold winter night. The streets of Nice were dusted with billows of damp fog which wafted their way through the narrow alleys. I had been living outside of Florence, Italy, and had come to France on business.

Along the murky waterfront was a small bistro, *Le Coq Noir*, which was a gathering place for a few members of the Sardinian Corse, gangsters who had their fingers in every illegal venture along the Riviera from Marseille to Nice. Pimps with their whores used it as a meeting place. I had always found it a promising place to pick up some sailor who might have jumped his ship in Marseille and didn't want to hang around because the *flics* might pick him up.

The place was pretty quiet when I entered. A number of faces turned to the door, giving me a brief once over and returning to their drinks or conversations. When I left the small pension where I was staying in Juan-les-Pis, I wore old jeans, a sweat shirt, boots and a jacket. I knew better than to give off an aura of prosperity in this dive. Many of its habitués would cut your throat for a centime.

It was not until my eyes adjusted to the dim light that I spotted him. He was seated at a small wooden table in a narrow alcove by himself, nursing a drink in a teacup. That was one of the unique things about *Le Coq Noir*; the owners never served their drinks in glasses, always in tea cups. According to the story I had heard years ago, Maurice Turgeon, the owner, had a small ceramics shop in Nice and he found it cheaper to furnish his own cups rather than expensive glasses for this rowdy bunch where, at any moment, a fight would erupt.

I walked toward the alcove, not sure where I would sit, but I saw an empty table just to the left of the niche. As I walked casually toward the empty table, the sole occupant of the alcove rose from his table, saying, "Andre, great seeing you." I almost blundered by looking behind me, but his warm grin alerted me.

Gay men didn't make obvious pick-ups in this sort of place, because there was always the chance that someone would resent it and the shit would be in the fire.

Smiling, I approached the table, offering my hand which he quickly gripped in his hard, massive hand. "I hope I'm not late."

The stranger's Gallic visage was dark but strikingly handsome. I would put his age at early thirties. He wore a dress shirt, open at the collar, and tight levis.

The words, "*Votre service*," startled me because I had neither heard nor seen the fat greasy waiter come up behind me. My new friend ordered whiskey.

As we sat, the stranger introduced himself as "Guy." "You are new to Nice?"

"How did you know I was an American?" I asked.

"I guess you might say it was a lucky guess." He shrugged his massive shoulders in typically Gallic fashion.

The waiter brought our drinks and Guy paid for them. "Don't drink it all. It will rot your stomach out."

For some unexplainable reason, I decided on the spot not to tell this stranger that I had been here before. I am not usually so close-mouthed with a new person.

The next question floored me. "How big is your cock?"

He doesn't let any grass grow under his feet, I thought. But candor begets equal openness from me. "Nine cut. You?"

A mawkish grin challenged me. "You will find out, baby, before this night is out. *N'est pas?*"

"Certainment, mon ami."

"Ah, vous parlez française!"

"Un peu, but not enough to get down to what interests us both."

"You have a car."

"Yeah, I parked it on the Rue Madeleine just around the corner."

"*Bien*. Mine is parked there too. Shall we go?"

I had met fast workers but this guy was incredible. His directness only stimulated my interest. My cock had been hard in my tight jeans since I sat down. I reached down to my crotch to rearrange my equipment, not wishing to show my obvious arousal to prying eyes as we left. It was clear to me that Guy was having the same problem as his hand disappeared below the table's level.

"Let's go."

We needn't have been so concerned because the patrons of *Le Coq Noir* paid us no attention as we left. It seems their interest and assessment centered on newcomers.

The cold air assailed us as we closed the bistro's heavy door. Before we took a step down the street, Guy offered his hand. "Guy de Bassompierre."

"Frank," I responded, again gripping his hard hand.

As we started down the dark street, Guy said, "We will go to my place at Cap Ferrat. I have some accommodations that you might find interesting. It is all right?"

"Sure."

"*Bien*. I have my own car and you can follow me."

I reached my car first. He told me to wait; his car, a Porsche, was parked down the block. I followed him the long distance to Cap Ferrat. On the other side of Cap Ferrat he turned his powerful vehicle into the gates of a large estate. We drove for another two miles before we reached a large chateau with a well-manicured lawn. We parked our cars under the *portecochere* at the front door.

During the trip I wondered what I had gotten myself into. My own game was a top, although I had bottomed for a very few guys. I had a feeling that I was going to end up bottoming for this guy, unless I missed my guess.

Guy opened the barred and mullion-glassed front door with his own key. The front hall was brightly lit with a crystal chandelier. The furnishings were rich and tasteful.

I was beginning to have second thoughts. It's one thing to have a one-on-one, but servants were another thing. Humiliation wasn't my bag.

"What about the servants?"

"They retired to the back of the house long ago," Guy said as he took my jacket. He hung my jacket with his own in a small closet.

We crossed the diamond shaped parquet floor; our boots rang in the awful stillness. As an inveterate butt-man, I enjoyed watching Guy's tight, small ass as I followed him into the large salon which was furnished with massive pieces from another age.

"Do you want a drink?" he asked.

"I guess so," I responded hesitantly.

"Yes, I think you should have one. You will probably need one."

I settled down on one of the overstuffed sofas which flanked a huge fireplace. The huge logs roared their warmth. After the cold dankness of the outside, the flames felt particularly good. When we entered the room, Guy had turned the lights on; before he returned to me with my drink, he switched them off.

Sitting by my side, he offered me the drink and started to tell me about the chateau. It had been built by Louis-Marie, Comte de Toulouse about the time of the Albigensian heresy and crusade in the 12th Century. Counts of Toulouse had been considered heretics by *Sacre Mère l'Eglise*, Holy Mother the Church, and a *donjon* had been set up in the bowels of the chateau to deal with the enemies of the Albigensians and where Louis-Marie himself had been put to the

rack and had his limbs torn from his torso. Guy's ancestor, Alphonse, Comte de Tournon, had received the chateau as his dowry when he married a ward of Louis XIV, *le Roi Soleil*. Yes, Guy was Comte de Tournon since his father died six years before. His mother died at his birth and he was an only child. The Bassompierres got their wealth from vineyards in Languedoc and manufactories in Lille.

In turn I told Guy something of my own life, which I could see did not interest him. He had refilled our glasses during the exchange and I was beginning to feel somewhat high.

With the same abruptness he had displayed when we met, Guy said, "Stand." I got off the couch as he reached for my glass, taking it from me. "Now, take off your shirt." Unaccustomed as I was to peremptory orders, I unbuttoned my shirt, pulling the tail from the confines of my jeans, and tossed it on the sofa.

"Nice." I knew what I looked like: good arms, large chest and pecs, brown hair across the chest and down to my crotch.

"Turn around." The tone of his voice had assumed a hardness that would brook no display of rebellion. Mentally I shrugged, figuring, why not? The bottom role wasn't where my head was, although I had played it in the past.

Guy grabbed my wrists, and quickly handcuffed them behind me. I sighed in resignation; the scene had begun. I only hoped that I could play the part well. I never subscribed to the concept that a good top had to have been a good bottom. That's just so much crap, but I was one tough son-of-a-bitch and in my own way I would let Guy realize that I could take whatever he wanted to dish out.

The handcuffs were quickly followed by a blindfold which cut out any glimmer of light. The loss affected my equilibrium and I knew that any movement would have to be made with care.

Gripping my arm, Guy led me across carpets and parquet floors and then he had me stand still. I heard a barely audible click and then a rush of cold air swept across my naked torso. Guy led me through what must have been a portal. The texture of the ground under my boots had changed noticeably. The carpets and parquet floors were gone and I was on what I guessed was rough hewn stone.

The *donjon*! I was being led into the bowels of the chateau. Slowly, Guy led me down the uneven stairs, guiding my every step. Oh, shit, I thought, suppose this bastard is some maniac nobleman who is planning to beat me to death and dissect my body. Now all of my senses came into play, waiting for the opportunity to turn the tables on this cretin. I smelled the muskiness; as my shoulder touched the left-hand wall I felt its dampness. All this time Guy did not speak which made the whole thing more ominous. The only sounds which reached my ears were our stumbling steps. Was it pitch black, did Guy have a flashlight, or had modern lighting moved into this nether world?

At the bottom of what seemed an endless flight of stairs, Guy released his grip on me and I heard the clank of metal on metal and the cold air was replaced by a warm flow. My nostrils were assailed by the smells of stale urine, long-spent semen and oiled leather. This unique potpourri of masculine smells brought the first physical reaction—my cock started to grow in my tight jeans. Against my will my body was reacting to the smells of frankincense and myrrh, which were priceless in another age. The 20th century man found his aphrodisiacs in the precious liquids of his fellow man.

The clang of the slamming door behind me caused me to start. Guy again took my arm and led me forward, stopping me and turning me, obviously positioning me. The clatter of chains assailed my ears and I felt the hair on the back of my neck arise in apprehension.

Guy moved the handcuffs over the wrist bone until they were lodged securely against the upper palms of my hands.

Leather cuffs were securely bound above them. I heard the click which secured the leather cuffs to what must have been the chains. Quickly, the handcuffs were removed. This final action is what I had been waiting for, but before I could react one arm was swept above my head until I was almost on the tips of my toes. The second arm joined the first. It was at this point that I realized that I was locked in place and in his power.

Where Guy had only touched my arms to guide me and to resecure my hands, I now felt his hands probe the crack of my jean-covered buttocks. His clothed body covered the back of me as he reached around me and began tweaking and pulling at my tits. I muffled a groan as he played with those centers of erotic sensibility.

Suddenly, he was gone from behind me. He lifted one of my feet from the floor and tugged at my boot, causing my arms to stretch to their limit as I was pulled off balance. The boot gave and he managed to pull my sock off at the same time. My bare foot touched the stone floor as he lifted my other foot. He pried the boot loose and had to take the sock off separately. My attention was centered on the chilly floor as he groped with my belt buckle. Loosening the belt, he gripped the top of the levis and ripped the buttons open.

Reaching into the open pants, he pulled my hard cock and balls from their security. Now my crotch became the very center of my being as he pulled and twisted my hard cock, squeezing the shaft with one hand while the other hand grasped my high, heavy balls and rolled them in his hand. The pressure he exerted on my cock and balls caused sharp pains to shoot through my groin. The cock and ball torture had swung my naked body to and fro until my pants had slipped down to my ankles. As Guy ducked down to remove the remainder of my clothing, I could hear his heavy breathing. His labored respiration became less evident as he moved away from me.

Was the room large or small? Was there only one room? Was Guy alone? What the fuck was he doing? My mind was a swirling sea of insecurities and apprehensions. I recalled as I stood there that some years ago I had permitted a slave of mine to tie me up and work me over lightly and then fuck me just to see what it was like. It had never happened before and it would never happen again. Of the latter I was certain. This time I was not going to be able to control the scene. I wondered at the perversity which allowed me to be taken over so easily and without a fight by this man. Deep down, was I a masochist?

Before I could come to grips with these conflicting questions, I heard the vicious whistle of a whip just before it lashed my naked back. The surprise and brutal force of the action caused me to lose control and I screamed. Again and again and again the leather snake ate into my flesh, seeking the blood upon which it sought to feed. After the first scream, I got myself under control and only muttered groans as my flesh was punished with such brutal force. I felt liquid running down my flanks and knew that my blood was flowing. I only hoped the blood would slake the whip and its wielder's appetites.

I must have passed out because when I became conscious of my surroundings, I found myself stretched out on a table with my hands bound over my head and straps across my chest, just above my tits, and another strap secured across my middle. My legs were attached to chains which held them apart and above my body. The blindfold had been removed and I feverishly examined what proved to be a vast cavernous room with roughly hewn rock walls. From the ceiling I saw barred cages and chains suspended. A mummy case leaned against one wall. Brackets fastened in the wall held implements of torture. It had all of the appearances of a mediaeval torture chamber. The equipment looked well kept.

At the farther end of the room, I saw a figure in the shadows. Electric torches lit the room, but that end lay in a soft gloom. I moved to test my bonds and I felt a searing pain in my back as the coagulating flesh tore on the boards. I groaned from the pain. My entire backside was aflame.

The figure in the corner must have heard me because he turned. It was Guy. He wore a black leather body harness which molded itself to his firm body. The black leather chaps were supple and adhered tightly to his body, outlining the taut muscles in his legs, while his crotch was encased in a studded, leather codpiece which was secured to the body harness. His hands were gloved. Most of his head and face were encased in an executioner's leather hood. As he passed by the light, his eyes glinted in their reflection, giving them a sinister, momentary flare.

"You fucking bastard. I'll break your fucking legs when I get loose," I growled, my throat parched from the exertion.

His lips thinned in a smile but he refused to acknowledge my anger and frustration. In his hands he carried some things, but before I could see them clearly, he laid them on some surface below my view.

With gloved hands, he began to pull at my tits, causing them to unwillingly rise from the rosettes which surrounded them. Reaching down, he brought a clamp and screwed it to the base of the tortured tit, squeezing the fleshly nodule until the tip peeked out of the clamp which seized and held it. Guy repeated the action with the other tit. Only then did he reveal the razor-sharp, multi-toothed spring-gear clamps which he proceeded to attach to the exposed tip of my left tit. I screamed as the agonizing fire immolated my chest. My body wrenched helplessly against the bonds, to no avail. Spittle formed at Guy's lips as he concentrated on placing the other clamp. The pain was so severe that I could only hope to lose consciousness. The relief did not come.

"You motherfucking son-of-a-bitch. Take those bastards off of me." The pain was so excruciating that I became unable to form any further words. As the teeth ate into my soft flesh, the skin became tintured with blood. Inexorably, the teeth worked deeper into the flesh, causing the searing pain to maintain an unbearable level.

"You are discourteous, *mon ami*," Guy almost sighed with regret. These were the first words he had uttered since we left the salon. They almost startled me since I had come to believe that he was some disembodied demon.

Walking to a nearby wall, he removed a long supple reed which he tested by swishing it back and forth in the air. Deciding it would not serve his purpose, he selected a shorter, stiffer wand. Approaching my supine, pain-wracked body, he teased my imprisoned tits with the tip of the reed. Sweat broke out all over my body as I felt sure that my chest must explode from the agony. How much pain could one man endure, my brain screamed.

"Manners, *mon ami*," Guy whispered as he drew his arm back and slashed the reed across my exposed stomach. Blow followed unmerciful slash across my stomach, lower chest and on the inside of my tender thighs. My screams echoed through the beamed rafters. My mind whirled and in its spinning I was sure that I would lose my sanity. Again, I fainted.

When I again swam to consciousness, I found myself naked between cool sheets in a wide, strange bed. My body was stiff as I moved in the bed and the foot of the bed looked out at a bright sunny day. I wondered if I had imagined all that had happened to me, but when I felt my chest, I found my tits sore and tender with scabs beginning to form. I could not bear to feel them. I wondered how Guy had gotten me up to bed. Testing, I squeezed the sphincter of my rectum to see if Guy had fucked me. The discomfort in my buttocks did not extend to my tender asshole and I thanked Guy silently for

leaving that part of me unviolated.

The door to the large, ornate bedchamber opened and Guy appeared in tennis shorts and sneakers with a white V-necked sweater. He grinned cheerfully as he placed the tray by the side of the bed. "I have brought you, *mon ami*, *un petite dejeuner*. A light collation."

I glared balefully at him, wondering if I should attack him or let things be.

Guessing what must be coursing through my mind, Guy poured a cup of hot chocolate for me and placed a delicious-smelling croissant on a small plate and handed them to me. I grunted my thanks as I took a sip of the thick, rich chocolate. Coffee was my thing in the morning but this seemed right and tasted great. The croissant was so flaky that it crumbled in my fingers. As I concentrated on trying to transfer the morsels from the plate to my mouth, Guy managed to move the silk coverlets off most of my body. I almost spilled the chocolate as I felt his hot, wet mouth encircling the shriveled head of my cock.

He sucked the shrunken organ into his mouth while his tongue swirled around the head. My cock responded almost immediately to his tender ministrations. I felt its length and bulk growing in its hot prison. I settled my sore ass comfortably into the down mattress. I abandoned the croissant as his searing orifice captured and worked on the growing organ. I grinned momentarily as I wondered what he was going to do when the heavy flesh reached its full length and girth. Guy showed me. He swallowed the large bulbous head into his tight throat. With one hand I grasped the back of his head and savagely thrust my groin into his face.

Guy sighed in exultation at my hard treatment, his throat muscles quivering around my sensitive cock head. Pulling back, he exerted phenomenal pressure along the length of my shaft. When only the head remained in his mouth, his pointed tongue sought my piss hole for any nectar which might be oozing from it. After about half a dozen thrusts into his throat, followed by insatiable sucking as he pulled off, I felt my heavy testicles draw further up into their sac while my ass clenched trying to stave off the inevitable. I had reached the point of no return and I felt the hot lava flow erupt out of my sensitive cockhead into his throat. It had happened so fast that Guy choked on the heavy, unceasing flow. He pulled up on my cock to better savor my precious body fluid. I had never come so strongly and insistently in my entire lifetime. It seemed as if it would never stop. The cup of chocolate fell from my hand, soaking the bed, unobserved by either of us. Again I held on to Guy's head, refusing to let him loose from my softening flesh.

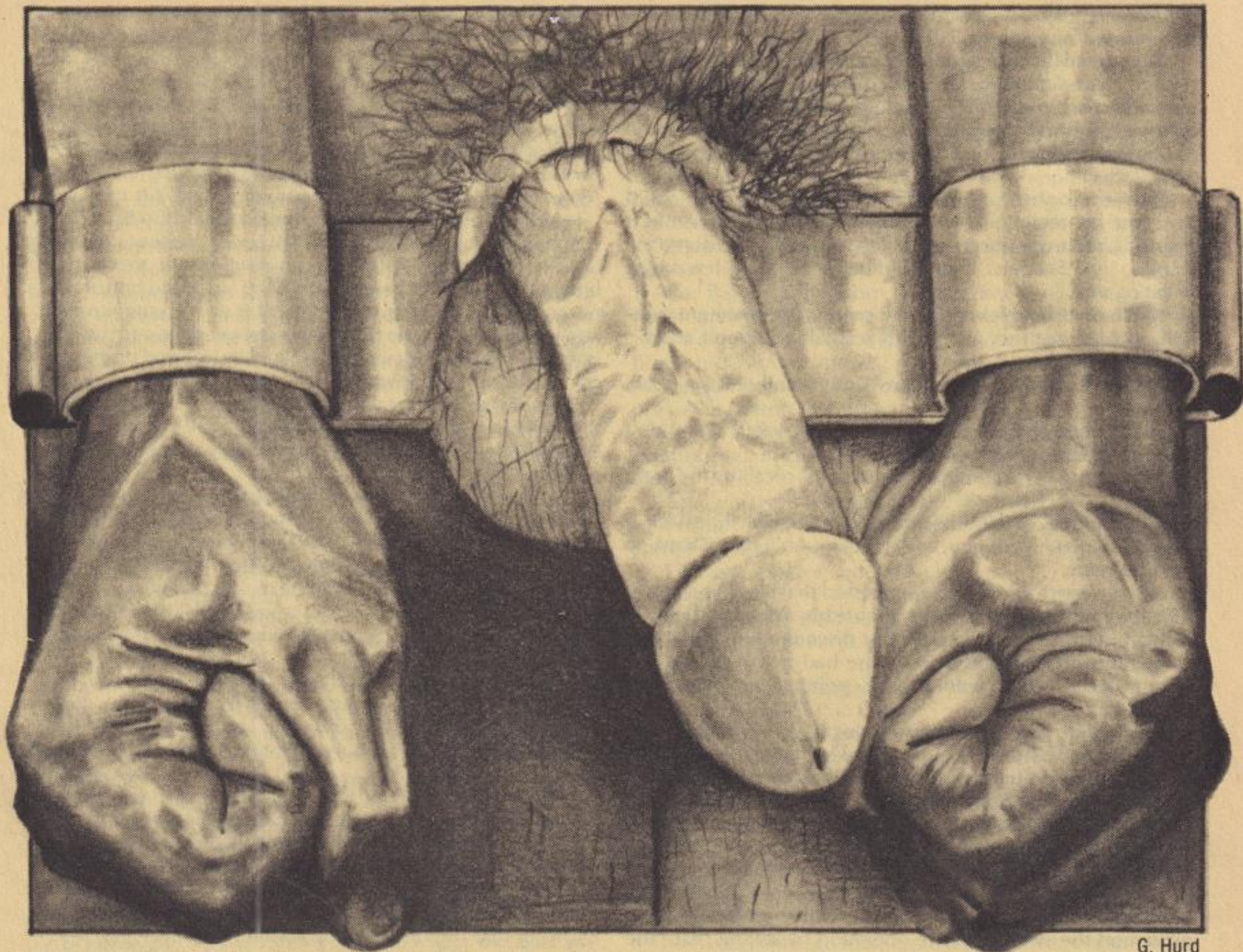
I grinned evilly as I let loose with my morning piss. Slaves in the past had acknowledged that my morning flow could only be termed "tiger's piss" because it was the worst tasting of the day. Guy drank the bitter flow as if his very life depended upon it.

When I piss, it is pretty intense and few men have been able to handle the heavy flow, but Guy filled his mouth and, as it reached capacity, he swallowed the entire load in one single gulp. The heat of my piss encircling my cock almost caused me to start getting hard again. After the last few spurts of urine had emptied my bladder, I pushed his head off of my cock.

"I've got to get up and get the hell out of here," I said.

"O.K., I'll meet you downstairs. The bathroom's over there." He indicated a door. "You'll find everything you need. If you need any help, ring the bell by the sink and Pierre will help you."

In the bathroom I examined my body in the full length mirrors and the welts and marks were clear all over my back side. A sheen covered the area, indicating to me that some healing solution had been applied to the surface before I had



G. Hurd

been put to bed for the night. In the shower I found my tits were sore and I knew that I would have to wear a soft shirt for days to come.

Entering the salon, I found Guy in conversation with a black-bearded man of well over six feet in height. He wore a plaid shirt, a cowboy hat and boots. They turned as I entered the room.

"Frank, *mon ami*," Guy began. "I want you to meet Jerry Sanders, a business associate, who brought me a delightful gift. Pierre is in the process of unwrapping it for me."

"Nice to meet you," I acknowledged the dark-visaged, fat, ugly man.

"Mah pleasure, ah'm sure," he responded with a deep drawl. I couldn't place the accent, but I was sure that he came from some southern state. I found my hand captured in a vise of flesh and bone.

Before I could pursue the conversation and find out where he came from, a light tap could be heard from the hall door.

"*Oui, entrez*," Guy called. We all turned to the door.

A man in black livery entered the room, but all of our eyes were caught by the blond, naked man by his side. He must have been about 20 or 21, about my own height. There was not a bit of hair on his body below his neck. His cock was large and seemed larger since his crotch had been depilated. The nut sac held a pair of big balls and hung pendulously low in their fleshy chrysalis. His eyes were downcast and his body was unmarked.

"Well, punk," Jerry Sanders growled. "This is your

Master."

For the first time he looked up and gazed directly at me. His blue eyes watered in emotion. Quickly I responded with, "Not me, him." I nodded towards Guy.

He looked at Guy and his eyes flashed back at me before they returned to examine Guy. I wondered if I had caught just a bit of disappointment in those vulnerable eyes.

Ignoring him after the preliminary examination, Guy took his seat and Jerry and I followed suit. "*Cafe pour mes amis, Pierre*," he directed the servant.

Oui, Monseigneur."

While the slave stood with his hands by his sides, Guy directed his questions to Jerry. "Where did you find him? Is there anything I should know about him? Was he hard to handle?"

"Well," Jerry began slowly. "Ah guess you might say, he fell into my hands. He was hitchin' a ride from L.A. to San Francisco and Ah just picked him up. Ah remembered that you was lookin' for a slave that pretty well fit his description, so Ah asked him some questions and found out he had no one. He was just a beach bum."

"Was he gay?" I interposed my own question.

"Ah reckon not. He sure was cherry when we began workin' him. He's really learned to love cock now," he laughed.

I looked at the young man and saw that his cock was beginning to grow in his crotch. Guy saw it also but chose to ignore it.

Pierre entered with our coffee on a tray and poured it for

us. We all took ours black. The slave was not offered any and did not seem to expect it.

Guy spread his muscular thighs and order the slave to come closer. "Kneel," he growled. The slave knelt with bent head and did nothing further. "Get my cock out." The slave unzipped his pants and hauled out Guy's soft but fat cock.

Looking at me for some unknowable reason, Guy ordered him, "Suck."

The slave took the cock in his mouth and Jerry and I could see that his technique was bringing Guy's cock to life. I figured that it was about time I left. I arose and offered my hand to Jerry Sanders. "I guess I'd better be going. It was nice meeting you."

"Well, Ah don't reckon that Ah'm too welcome here mahself, so Ah'll just trek along with you, eff you don't mind."

"Be my guest."

"Well, I'll ring you tomorrow, Count, and we can settle things."

Guy pushed the slave off his cock and stood. "Wouldn't you men like to try him out?"

"No thanks," I responded rather coolly, recalling the night before.

Jerry grinned, "Well, Ah've been dipping mah little wick in his holes since Ah got him, so Ah reckon Ah'll pass. Thank ye just the same."

When we arrived in Nice, I suggested that we have a bite to eat. I wanted to know more about this man who dealt in human flesh. His candor was most disconcerting, but it was only afterward that I discovered he had not given me any salient facts which would have pointed up where he operated.

Jerry and his brother had made a lot of money in narcotics. After they had made their pile, they decided that it would be only a matter of time before they got busted and lost everything, so they quit. Each man bought a spread where they ran cattle to maintain their front. The ranches were not near each other and they handled two separate commodities. Jerry handled the males and his brother the females. They had cousins who acted as agents around the world, finding the contracts for the human flesh. Quite seriously, Jerry explained the success of the operation by stating that "the family that prays together, stays together." They gave the Lord His share by tithing and He protected them.

"Jesus," I swore under my breath. Jerry heard me and piously intoned, "Amen, brother."

Despite the UN Resolution condemning slavery it still exists throughout the world under various guises. The women were trained to serve the needs of their masters. If they were lucky, they might become the wives of some nabob; if they were unlucky, they were condemned to a whorehouse where they would serve the needs of natives who prized white flesh until they died from disease or abuse.

The men were sold to work in households or to have their bodies used by their masters or mistresses. One Asian Begum contracted for a new slave every eighteen months or so, because she usually ended up killing her slaves since she liked to puncture their bodies with knitting needles. The old woman was so senile that she could not always tell when she might hit a vital organ and kill the slave. Other men and women wanted men who were exceptionally well-hung, but preferred that they be castrated.

"Why, the Net, tht's what Ah call the business, it's got some of the best doctors and hospital facilities in the entire state, if Ah do say so mahself." There was obviously a great deal of pride in his voice, but, of course, there would be because he felt he was doing "the Lord's work."

I was on the one hand titillated by what Jerry said, but on the other hand I was aghast that this was happening in our own day and age. I figured that it's one thing to play at the

role of master and slave, but to be tied into it for the rest of your life was an entirely different thing. The only way out was death!

A few months later, I returned to San Francisco where I had always been happy in the leather S/M community. I had a number of weekend and live-in slaves. Most of them were very unsatisfactory, because no slave can give the proper service if he knows that in x-hours or x-days it is over.

It all began on a Fall night after I had left the Brig. I had watched the usual tired faces I saw every weekend in their equally tired roles of the supermacho top or the anxious bottom, trying to score with some top since the bottoms far outnumbered the tops. A couple of hunky young numbers attempted to interpose themselves between me and the door but they didn't deter me; I just walked by one and pushed the other one out of the way.

Glancing at my wrist watch, I found that it was midnight—the witching, or bitching, hour, so I took myself over to Ringold Alley, not really expecting to score. It was too early to go home.

I had opted that night not to wear my skin tight chaps, so all I had on was a pair of tight, well-worn jeans, a biker's cap, leather jacket and boots. I knew that I looked pretty hot, but then I worked out hard enough to keep my body fit and trim.

There were small groups of men, either leaning against the buildings along the sides of the Alley or walking toward the slow moving cars which traveled like a procession through the narrow one-way street.

Some of the occupants of the cars looked interesting, but I wasn't in any particular hurry. I reached down to my crotch and arranged my long cock along my left pant leg to show it at its best advantage. A few horns hooted at me, but I remained impassive.

A stir in the Alley told me that a cop car was coming. I leaned against a wall, being nonchalant. I had heard of a few busts by uptight cops. As the car approached, the cop in the passenger seat flicked on the searchlight and moved it up from my feet to my cap, lingering at my crotch for a short moment. "Eat your heart out, baby," I muttered half aloud, knowing that the occupants couldn't hear me.

The car passed on and I began my slow stroll. It was then that I spotted a silver grey van coming down the Alley. Alone in the front was a tall blond dude that I had seen earlier at the Brig. I remember that he had worn his keys on the right and I had been a bit interested, but he had been talking to another guy. He must not have scored. When his lights picked me out, he slowed more, but I figured that if he wanted me, he would have to work for it.

Within minutes he had made the circuit of the block and was back in the Alley. He pulled the van up on the sidewalk next to me. Leaning over, he opened the passenger side.

"Jump in, man."

Why not, I figured. I climbed in. The van eased its way into the traffic and slowly moved along. The blond reached over and gave my cock a good squeeze before he returned to his driving. "Nice," was all he said.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Just over the Golden Gate Bridge."

"Great."

"You'll like my playroom."

Behind us a heavy curtain separated us from the remainder of the van. We drove silently through the toll plaza and over the Golden Gate Bridge.

I sensed movement, but before I could turn I felt the sharp, stinging bite of a needle at the base of my neck. Within seconds I blacked out.

I don't know how long I was out, but when I came to I found myself unable to move a muscle. I had been mummi-

fied in some manner and guessed that it was ace bandages that had done the job. I could breathe, but I knew that my clothing had been stripped off of me because I felt the textured material eating into my skin. My head was entirely wrapped with only a hole for my nose.

I heard a voice say, "He's conscious."

"Good. I was getting a bit worried about him. Unless we deliver him in one piece, we don't get our bread."

I tried to mumble, but the bindings were too tight for me to utter a word. My mind was fuzzy and I couldn't figure out how long we had been on the road or where we were. I could hear my captors whispering in the front of the van. The road surface was bumpy which indicated that we were no longer on the main road. Suddenly, the van came to a halt. Within just a few moments we were again on our way. It seemed that a good half hour had elapsed before we moved from the rough surfaced road to a paved one. After a few minutes the van stopped.

"Get him out of there," a new voice grumbled from the rear of the van. I felt my bound body being hauled roughly across the carpeted surface.

One man grabbed my elbows while the other had my legs. I was taken down a flight of stairs into a warm building. Doors clanked open and shut. The first voice again ordered, "Get the fucking tape off of him and be quick about it."

I felt the cocoon which held my body coming loose. "Leave the bindings on his head."

My arms and legs were cramped from the prolonged bondage position. I found myself trying to maintain my equilibrium; the darkness made me extremely vulnerable.

"Get your fucking hands behind you, slave."

I tried to tell him through the bandages to fuck his peg-legged mother. He must have sensed the insubordination although he could not possibly have distinguished my words. A fist collided in my stomach, forcing the breath from my lungs, and as I bent over another fist connected with the side of my head almost knocking me into unconsciousness.

"On your feet." To lend emphasis to his command, he kicked my exposed ass. The heavy boot caused a shock of pain to reverberate up my spine.

I struggled to my feet, trying to hear where my assailant might be standing. I had murder in my heart and if I could lay my hands on him, I would kill him. Hearing a sound to my left, I lashed out, connecting with hard flesh. Two pairs of arms grabbed me, while a pair of fists pummeled my vulnerable body. I blacked out.

An ice water douche slammed into my body, bringing me up to a painful sitting position on the floor.

"Cuff his hands behind him. I don't want to have to kill this motherfucker."

My hands were wrested behind me and handcuffs were attached to my wrists and the locks set.

"Now, take that binding from around his head. This scumbag wants to learn the hard way, so we'll accommodate him."

A figure squatted by my side and unwound the remaining bandage. I blinked my eyes against the glare. I found myself in a small room, devoid of any furnishings. The glaring light came from the ceiling. Three men were in the room. I recognized the blond who had lured me into his van. Next to me stood a small wiry man with a leather jacket and jeans. In the shadows at the corner of the room emerged the third figure.

He wore Marine Corps fatigues. His black hair was cut close to his scalp; a sinister moustache followed the curve of his upper lip and dangled down the sides of his mouth. The buttons of his shirt were open to his navel, exposing a mass of black hair over a taut stomach. His pant legs were tucked into parachute boots which were highly polished. The pant legs hugged his massive thighs while the cloth at the crotch bulged with what must have been a large hunk of meat.

Reaching into his back pocket, he pulled out a wallet, extracting a number of bills which he handed over to the blond. "Here's your money. You guys can split for now."

"Thanks a lot. You sure you can handle him?"

"No sweat. This asshole and I are going to come to an understanding real quick, or he's going to have his head stomped in." The threat looked like it could be carried out considering our positions and my own helplessness. "The boss'll have some other gigs lined up for you, so stay in touch."

"Right," the blond concluded as he headed out the heavy door.

After they left, the room became very quiet. The tall, dark man merely looked at me with a speculative look in his eyes which did not bode me well. I felt my cock shrink in apprehension of his next move. I refused to be totally cowered by his baleful looks. Without a word he strode to the door and pressed a button imbedded in the wall.

A door at the farther end of the room opened and two gigantic men in cut-offs entered the room, leaving the door ajar.

"A new slave," the dark-haired man said.

"Trainer?" the red-haired man asked while blond-haired partner looked me over.

"This one's mine," he growled.

"Treatment?"

"Regular slave processing. Anyone can use him, but the specialized treatment is only for me."

"Housing."

"General solitary cage."

"Yes, sir."

Quickly, both men grabbed me by my arms, holding on to me with firm grips. As I was led from the room, I felt sure that the black-haired man was watching me.

We passed down a corridor with a number of solid doors. The quiet was eerie. We stopped in front of a door where the blond inserted a key into the lock and we passed into a brightly-lit room. There were showers at the farther end, but the center of the room was occupied by what looked like a barber's chair.

The handcuffs were removed from my wrists. Neither man seemed the least concerned that I would try anything. I even felt that they might like me to start something.

"Sit, slave," the dark-haired man directed.

"I'm no fucking slave, asshole."

The blond grinned evilly. "You'd better learn a little faster how you talk to people around here. You call people here 'Sir' or 'Master' if you want to stay healthy. You'll learn fast how to be agreeable. Now get your ass in the chair before you make us put you there."

I walked over to the chair and sat on the hard wooden surface. Quickly, they strapped me into the seat, exhibiting the fact that they had performed this chore very often. The dark-haired man plugged in a pair of electric clippers and started to remove the hair from my head. His companion began stropping a straight razor, occasionally looking at me from the corner of his eye with a look that told me he would like to really carve my body up with the blade he was sharpening. The clippers finished with my head and, while the blond began lathering my scalp in preparation to shaving it, the dark man proceeded toward removing my moustache and the larger growths of hair in my armpits, my chest, arms, legs and crotch.

Shaving trips had always excited me. I had been shaved before and my cock began to respond to the gross indignity.

"We've got a live one here," the blond remarked. Within minutes he had managed to shave my head completely smooth. He next took my moustache. I wanted to protest, but knew that it would not affect what was happening. Before

long the entire front of my body had been shaved. When he started working on my crotch, I felt some apprehension as he manipulated my balls with the straight razor.

"Why bother shaving the nut sac? He's going to have them cut out in a few days," the dark haired man commented.

I felt faint at this piece of information. The sickness in the pit of my stomach increased as I realized that they were serious when the blond retorted, "I know, I know, but call it efficiency. The doc will like the professionalism."

I couldn't remain quiet any longer. "Look, guys, I've got a lot of money in the bank and I can get more. Why don't you help me out of here. There's some mistake. . . ." My plea was shut off by a smash to the side of my head.

"You've got to learn respect, shit face. I told you once, it's 'Sir' or 'Master' and I won't tell you again."

I was unwilling to give up. "Sir," I began although it killed my soul to call anyone that. "Sir, I have the funds, Sir. Just check out my bank account, Sir."

"Shut the fuck up, piss face," the blond snarled. "If we ever tried something like that, we'd be lucky to find ourselves in the same spot you're in. Forget it and keep your fucking mouth shut from here on in. You don't talk unless you're spoken to."

I was repositioned in the chair so the back of my body could be shaved. The chair doubled over, exposing my ass and asshole. After they had finished with my backside, they left me in the same position. I could not see what was going on behind me. I felt an intrusion in my asshole and it took a second to realize that a tube was being roughly forced through my anus into my rectum and colon. "Tight asshole," one of the men commented. The only time that I had had an enema was prior to the removal of my appendix, although I had certainly given a number of slaves enemas. I felt the warm flow into my guts. It wasn't particularly uncomfortable; in fact I felt my cock begin to respond to the flow. The stream continued unrelentingly; in fact I started to feel aching in my distended guts. "Enough, Sir," I said, trying to stop the flow. They ignored me and I was sure that I was about to bust a gut. I gritted my teeth at the pain and, incomprehensibly, my cock remained hard beneath me.

Finally, the flow stopped. "I'm going to pull the tube out, slave. Don't you dare lose a drop or I'll beat your ass raw." I tried to seal my sphincter but I felt a few dribblets coursing from the crack in my ass. Suddenly, I felt a tremendous pressure against my sphincter which I was sure was going to rip me apart. One of the men inserted a large, greased butt plug up my ass which insured that I would not lose any more of the dirty mixture.

I was untied and allowed to stand without any bonds. The dark haired man glowered at me, shaking his head as if I was some sort of unruly child. He pointed at a few shit-stained spots on the floor. I looked around for a mop to clean the mess but there wasn't any in sight.

"Get down there and clean that up with your tongue, you shit eater."

I hesitated at this indignity but I felt the blond's hand on the back of my neck forcing me to my knees. As I knelt, I could not help noticing that each man had thrown big hardons and wondered what else might be in store for me. I figured that I had better not start something I might regret. I bent over with my palms on the tile floor and without any hesitation, I licked up the wet splotches of water and feces, trying to block my taste buds.

"Good slave," the blond said, patting my head as if I was some sort of puppy. The humiliation was almost unbearable, but I knew that I must not show any resentment.

"Get your ass over to the toilet bowl, shit licker," the darker man directed. "Sit on the bowl and pull the plug out of your ass."

The solution in my colon was churning and boiling, as if some demonic power had taken over my guts and was exacting its own revenge. Pulling the plug out became a labor of pain in itself, because my tight anal sphincter seemed to be unwilling to give up its hold. Between the agony of my tight asshole and my boiling guts, I knew I had no choice but to wrench the plug out which I did in one hard pull and twist. Feces and water exploded on my wrist and hand. I started to pull the plug from beneath my ass, but I remembered what had happened before when I got the floor soiled and I opted to let my piss clean the butt plug. My guts felt as if they had ejected the malign powers which had battled within my guts. It felt very erotic and I knew that I had never been so clean before. My piss washed the fecal matter which clung to the plug.

All during this time the two men were leaning against the wall in front of me, suggestively massaging their cocks. I felt uncontrollable blushes of embarrassment and humiliation at having to suffer and expose the most private of my body functions before them. Sure, I had done the same thing a number of times to others, but they were into the scene. Was I going to be made to accept or possibly crave this sort of humiliation during my stay here?

Again the questions arose in my mind—where was I, what was I doing here, was it some sort of a joke? I suspected that it was not a joke; in fact, it appeared to be deadly serious.

No one offered me any toilet paper; I was merely told to get into the shower. I held the butt plug against my body to prevent any of the piss from dripping onto the floor. As I arose from the cold porcelain toilet seat I felt dribblets of water course down my hairless legs. I stepped over the tiled ledge under the single shower head. Suddenly, a sheet of ice cold water covered my body and I gasped out as my lungs reacted to the shock. I wanted to jump out, but I was in the process of learning to play the game until I found my opportunity of escaping. The water became more bearable as my body adjusted to the temperature. I washed the plug with my fingers and brushed any wisps of stray hairs which adhered to my flesh. I was not given any soap.

As I emerged from the shower, I saw no towel and was offered none. I wondered if I was going to have to lap up the shower water, but I needn't have been concerned. I was told to kneel and a wide leather slave collar was locked around my neck. I recognized it as a training collar, since its width prevented me from lowering my head. Wide leather bands were locked to my wrists and ankles. I was told to stand. The blond knelt in front of me and attached a cock ring around my cock and balls and locked it into place. A two-inch ball stretcher was put in place. Fortunately, my balls tend to hang low, but I still felt the discomfort of my large orbs being forced down beneath the edge of the stretcher. The stretcher had a D-ring facing front. A leash was attached to the D-ring and I was led from the room by my tender balls back into the corridor. I knew that if I tried anything my balls would be torn from their sac.

Instead of opening the next door down the hall, the dark-haired man knocked on the door. A key turned on the inside and the door swung open to reveal a man with an executioner's hood and enormous arms. He looked like a gorilla and was just as hairy. His barrel chest was laden with coarse hair and his lower body was clothed in tight black leather pants.

The black-haired man seemed to be in awe of this creature from the nether world and merely mouthed, "New slave. Regular slave processing."

The animal merely grunted his response and pulled me through the door by the leash. It all happened too fast and so expertly. Before I could take two deep breaths to relieve my growing tension I found myself standing in the center of the room, spreadeagle, my wrists locked to chains above me and

my legs so widespread beneath me that I was standing on my toes to relieve the tension on my arms.

A hard calloused hand passed almost caressingly over my back and my ass, lingering for a moment on my taut cheeks. Although it was supposed to be a caress, I shuddered at the touch. The monster was aware of my reaction and chuckled deep in his throat, obviously enjoying the abhorrence I was feeling deep within me.

He moved out of my view for only a second and returned to face me. His beady eyes glared balefully at me through the executioner's hood. I thought of Tyburn Hill and the executioner's axe as I stared at this man. He revealed what he was holding in one hand. It was a cat-of-nine tails which must have been soaking in something because I could see the liquid coursing down its strands. He offered it to my lips to kiss but I would not succumb to his blandishments of the classical Master/slave role which says the slave kisses the instrument of his punishment. As he moved behind me, I tasted the liquid on my lips and found them to be salty.

The son-of-a-bitch soaked his whip in brine. I knew what this would mean for me. Every blow that broke the skin would be salted, adding to the agony of the beating long after the last stroke had fallen.

The first blow exploded on the center of my back, causing me to cry out from the pain which seared my nerve endings. Blow after blow fell across my helpless back and ass, no two falling in the same place. Unlike my own technique, there was no build up; this bastard was literally trying to take the hide off. I had wanted to not make a sound as an act of defiance but my intentions had no control over my reflexes. I screamed like a scalded animal as each blow bit deeper into my flesh, leaving its own pinpoints of agony where the brine found a nesting place in the skin lesions which were developing.

As suddenly as it started, it stopped. The whipman wiped my back off and applied some sort of salve which did nothing to alleviate the pain.

Again he stood in front of me, fitting a black leather hood over my head, locking it to my slave collar. The hood had no eyepieces but a wide mouth opening and a space above for my nose to project. After assuring himself that it was on properly, he shoved a leather dildo gag into my mouth and tied it behind my head. I knew this man was pretty savvy because it had taken me some time to learn that a snap-on gag piece is not always effective because an unattended slave could always find some way to get the necessary purchase to unsnap the snaps and then all he had to do was spit the gag out. Even in my dire straits I could admire the work of an expert. Although my back and ass felt as if they were on fire, I knew that a Master of the whip had had his way with my body.

Next, he released my legs from their widespread stance and attached a chain between them, allowing me to walk without doing anything untoward. One hand was released and the free hand was attached by a clip to the ball stretcher. The second hand joined the first. I was unable to do anything. A lead was attached to a ring in my slave collar. The rough calloused hands grabbed me by the shoulders and turned me around. I was blind, shackled and my hands were in a perilous position.

A tug on the collar started me moving slowly and carefully, afraid that I might stumble and fall.

I sensed we were back in the hallway. The sound of a key invaded the quiet hood and a door swung open. A cacophony of voices, moans, screams and wailing assailed me like some unrelenting sea. I forgot about the pain in my back and ass.

I gingerly followed the tug of my torturer and the door slammed shut behind me. "Slave 1296" came to my ears. A voice responded, "Cage 45, spreadeagle, standing position."

Another tug came on my collar and I shuffled behind my captor as I entered the incessant bedlam. Some of the noise quietened as I passed what must have been a series of cages. I could understand the curiosity which made these prisoners forget their own psychological and physical agonies for the moment, but as soon as I had passed the noise erupted with a greater fury. I only wondered what was causing all of this anguish and if my own voice would join this symphony of pain. I was determined that I would not let it happen.

A key turned in a lock and I was urged to step down onto a concrete surface which was warm to the touch of my feet. The chain between my legs was fastened to some sort of staple embedded in the floor. I could feel the staple with my bare toes. My hands, one at a time, were released from my ball stretcher and attached to a frame above my head which allowed me to stand on the soles of my feet. I was left alone.

I was exhausted, physically and mentally. My body ached from the abuse it had suffered while my brain seethed with a burning need for revenge. How had this happened to me, I wondered. I was being tested as never before in my life. The threat of being castrated filled me with dread. I might as well be dead, I thought. Exhaustion caught hold of me and even the din, which seemed to be quieting down, could not keep me from falling off in a hypnotic sleep.

A hand fumbling with my stretched balls awoke me. The ball stretcher was removed. The blood began to flow back into the sac and the pain was excruciating. I groaned helplessly. My hands had no feeling in them. I stood erect to relieve the pressure of my body and my hands came alive with an intense fire as life pumped itself into the extremities.

My hands were released from the overhead frame. I fell to my knees on the floor. The gag was untied and pulled out of my mouth. All of the saliva in my mouth had dried up and I felt parched. Next, the hood was removed. I blinked my eyes since I was unaccustomed to the bright lights. There were open barred cells around me with men in various positions—all naked. It looked like a nightmarish scene from Dante's *Inferno*.

In front of me stood a blond bearded giant who wore black leather chaps and boots. In his hand he held a riding crop which he flicked in a threatening manner on his hand.

"Are you hungry, 1296?"

I managed to croak, "Yes, Sir."

He took a step closer to me until his heavy unclipped cock touched my lips. "Suck your protein out, cunt face," he commanded. To punctuate his demand the riding crop slashed on to my bare back.

I opened my mouth and tried to suck the cock into my mouth. "Skin it back and clean out all of the headcheese." Another blow fell on my pain-sensitive back. His cock was now at full mast and I knew that I would only be able to suck half the great girth and incredible length. The odor of musky cheese assailed my nostril as my tongue tentatively began its cleansing job. I was obviously doing a good job because his free hand squeezed my bare shoulder with incredible power, causing me to wince. After I had removed all of the gook to his satisfaction, he moved his hand to the back of my head and merely said, "Chow down."

The circumference of his cock was so large that my teeth scraped the sensitive flesh which resulted in a fiery slash of the crop. I was sure that it must have broken the skin in the center of my back.

"If I feel your goddam teeth again, I'll have the fuckers pulled out."

I opened my jaws to their aching limit and sheathed my teeth with my lips. I knew that I had to get this sadistic bastard off as quickly as I could or he would ruin me with a few well-directed kidney shots, so I swirled my tongue as much as the cramped space would allow going almost midway down

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on his cock until the head triggered my gag reflex. The blond was not about to let me suck only half of his cock. He seized my head in both hands and drove the heavy mallet into my throat. The pain of the massive tool tearing into my tender throat was unbelievable. I was sure that tissue was being ripped. Along with the fact that I was unable to breathe, I was certain that he was there to kill me. Then he let me up. I had enough presence to exert what little suction my already exhausted muscles would permit. When only the head rested at the entrance of my gaping mouth, the son-of-a-bitch drove the full length back into my throat. He repeated his action over and over. My ability to exert any pressure became paralyzed, but it didn't seem to affect this tool. I had been massaging his pendulous sac with my hand. I felt his balls drawing higher and I hoped this was the harbinger of his eruption.

With an almost inaudible sigh his penis started to pump a heavy load of semen into my throat. As if offering me some great boon, he pulled the head back into my mouth so I could taste his cum. I had to admit there was a tart sweetness to it. I swallowed every drop, sucking the head dry with my beaten mouth. I wondered if any of the other prisoners were watching my degradation. I soon found out that it was not all over with yet.

"Here's your morning coffee. Don't you lose a drop." He laid his whip on my back to emphasize his point.

His cock jerked in my mouth and then a hard, heavy stream of piss filled my oral cavity. I swallowed as fast as I could. I managed to stay with the flow, not losing any of it. Finally, in short spurting shots the stream spent itself. He pulled his softened limb from my mouth.

"What do you say, pisshead?"

"Thank you, Sir."

With only a sneer on his face, he turned and stepped out of my cage, locking the door after him. He halted at the cage across from me where the inhabitant, whose face I could not see, was bound so that his asshole was against the bars. The blond stroked his cock for a full minute until it was hard again. Without applying any lubricant on it, he drove it into the inviting asshole of the prone man. A groan emanated from the victim's lips. The blond pulled out and slammed back in. I saw his naked ass clench as if he was again ready to discharge in that hot orifice. The guy's a fucking machine, I thought. He pulled out and smashed his riding crop on each milk white globe before he strolled out of the chamber.

I now had the opportunity of looking around me. Only a few of the cages were occupied; many of them like the guy across the way were positioned in bondage to provide easy access to their very vulnerable assholes. In the cage next to mine was a young man who lay back on the floor in a dazed state.

I decided to speak since there were no guards in the place. "Hey, man, what is this place?"

The man looked over at me, rising from the floor. He was as naked as the rest of us. His body was marked with the lash. He resembled me but with a smaller bone-structured frame.

"You tell me. I just got here a while ago."

"Where did they get you?"

"Salt Lake City. I was on my way home from the lumber yard where I work. I was in a hurry 'cause it's me and Mary's fifth wedding anniversary. She was going to let the kids stay up late. . . ." He stopped in mid-sentence, obviously still in some state of shock over what had happened.

This guy was obviously new to this place as I was, so I raised my voice to the man across the way whose luscious asshole was winking at me, causing my cock to leap. "Say, man. You over there. What's the score?"

"You guys'll find out," was all he said.

"Come on, guy," I cajoled, hoping to get him to open up.

"We just want to know what we've got ourselves into."

After some hesitation, the guy spoke, hoarsely, almost inaudibly. "You've got yourselves caught up in a snake pit, man. The dudes that run this place have got to be the horniest bunch of fags I ever heard of. They train a man to service their cocks and some pretty sick things. The worst of it is they gear your head to where you get to dig it. That frightens me. Some guys come, stay a short while and then they just up and disappear. Others go through the whole course, whatever that is, and then they are gone. Man, I've done shit that I never knew a man could do."

"Has anyone ever escaped?" I asked, anxiously.

"Ain't never heard of it."

"If you aren't gay, then how do you manage?"

"It's all in your headspace. You can freak out and a lot of them have done that, but then you come to realize that that ain't the way out. They program dudes so guys who ain't never touched another man's cock in their whole lives are begging for it."

I started to ask if anyone had ever been denuttet when the heavy door opened and the key warned us of a keeper's approach.

A guard I had never seen before came up to my cage. He wore well-worn levis and boots; at his belt I recognized a cattle prod. Since I had used them on slaves of my own in the past I knew they could be pretty mean in the hands of a man who knew where to apply their power-charged tip.

"1296, stand with your back to the gate and your hands behind you."

I knew I had no choice. He handcuffed my hands and opened the gate of the cage and I was taken from the room of cages out another door. Again, the sounds of moans, screams, whips and a potpourri of sexually arousing noises assailed my ears. Doors with meshed windows lined the hallway. I was taken to a small room at the end of the hall. I was shoved into the room and discovered the man I had first met when I arrived.

"On your knees, slave, and do service to your Master's boots."

I knew the game, so I knelt and kissed first his left boot and then his right. I waited to see if he demanded more. He walked to a corner of the room and brought a straight chair, placing it in front of me and sitting in it.

"O.K., punk. I'm going to ask the questions and you answer them, respectfully. Hear?"

My throat almost refused to say the words in my growing anger, but I croaked, "Yes, Sir."

"You were brought here for one reason, but it seems things have changed and you get to save your nuts. You are no longer a special, so I won't be handling you. I was looking forward to it. Count your blessing, shithead."

"Yes, sir." I had not believed they were serious, but I began to wonder.

"You were picked up on Folsom Street in San Francisco, so you've got to be a queer. Right?"

"Yes, Sir." If my hands had been freed, I would have busted his leering face. Were these guys straight, I wondered.

"Top or bottom?"

"Top, Sir."

"I thought so. Well, dicklicker, and, oh, yes, you are a dicklicker, you are about to step into the slave role, but for good."

"What is this place?" Before I could ask another question, the hard, heavy hand smashed me across the face and I fell on my side on the floor with my head ringing.

"I told you, boy, I ask the questions around here. You answer them. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," I muttered as I managed to get back on my knees. I knew that if I ever got free, I'd bust his fucking back.

"I don't know how long you'll be here, but guys with your background get picked up pretty fast. You ever had sex with a woman?"

What the fuck is this, I wondered as I said, "Yes, Sir."

"Good," he smiled. "It makes no difference." Standing, he headed for the door and he said one thing more before departing. "You do what you're told and you won't have any extra trouble. You are a slave."

My knees were beginning to ache on the concrete floor and I thought about getting up. The door opened again and I expected my escort had arrived. I knew that someone was standing behind me and something told me not to turn around. The silence had an ominous overtone, some unspoken threat. I'm no coward by any means, but my stomach knotted in apprehension.

After a few minutes a very tall naked man walked by me barefooted, walked to the opposite wall, faced me and leaned against it with his arms folded. He was silent as he looked at me. I recognized him as a bodybuilder and weightlifter. His body was covered by a mat of golden hair; even his pubic hair was golden. He was living proof that all weightlifters do not have small cocks and lift weights to compensate for that shortcoming. My own cock was a bit better than average, but even hard it never reached the dimensions of that club between his legs.

"That's right, slave, look at it because you're going to know every part of my body better than you know your own."

I looked up at his face. "Don't ever look at me unless you have permission. Understand?" In the short moment I had looked I had been taken with his incredible beauty. Boy, would I like to fuck you. I may not have your cock, but you should see what I can do with what I've got.

His soft voice continued. "We don't get many guys like you too often, but I usually end up with them. I find it a real challenge when I get to train an SM top. The masochist slave is too easy. There's no challenge." He paused. "You ever been a slave or masochist?"

"No, Sir," I stated without any equivocation.

"Great. I get to give you some of your own medicine." He turned serious now, as he added, "You turn out good and you could be a special."

What the fuck was a *special*, I wanted to ask, but I knew better.

"Now, I've wasted enough time on you. I'll give you the ground rules. I'm your Master. You will learn to serve and service me totally. I will do with your body whatever I want to. You do not cum unless I give you permission. You will learn to cum on command. If any other Master wants service, you give it to him. I will be told of all infractions and I will punish you." The threat in these words was undeniable. He finished quietly, "Get your head straight. Learn to accept your fate. This isn't a weekend trip. You will be a slave for the rest of your life. Forget the top bullshit. The faster you learn to live with that, the easier it will be for you."

The rest of my life rang in my ears like some death knell. I could not, would not, accept this death sentence to my self-esteem.

Pushing away from the wall, he approached me and stood directly in front of me, his huge cock with its cut, bulbous head just inches away from my lips. I wanted to flick my tongue over the inviting slit, but I would not give in that easily.

"Stand."

My knees were so stiff, I wasn't sure that I would be able to make it alone. I almost fell, but I managed to make it to my feet.

He stood a head taller than I. I could smell the maleness of his body. It was a real turn-on. How I would have liked staking him out in my playroom and working his magnificent body.

"Keep your eyes down."

My slave collar chafed my neck a bit, but I knew better than to complain. Reaching down he took my nuts and started to roll them in his hand, occasionally squeezing them just long enough to let me know they were his. His thumb reached up and ran along the freshly shaven skin above my cock, letting me know that I was a shorn slave, a piece of shit.

Pulling me by the aching balls, he led me from the room, down the corridor, back into the cage room. The guy who had fed me his cum and piss that morning was just pulling his cock free from the ass of the guy across the way from me. He grinned at my Master and left the room. My Master unlocked the cage, but before he shoved me into it, he made me kneel on the floor by the asshole of the man who had just been fucked.

"Eat his ass out. Get all that good protein, slave."

Obviously he had been fucked a number of times because cum was oozing from his hole and running down his legs. I began to lick at the hole a bit hesitantly. My Master shoved my face up against the crack and I found myself slurping up the wet juice. The smell of his raped ass was sexually potent. I dug the tip of my tongue into the pink orifice, seeking more of the juice. I could hear the slave moaning in ecstasy which drove me to greater efforts. The muscles in his sphincter forced more juices into my waiting mouth. I could have spent a greater time in this sort of duty, but my Master pulled me away.

"Pretty good," he commented as he shoved me into my cage. My cock stood out hard and dripping. He slammed and locked the door after me. He had not removed my handcuffs, so I could not beat off and get my own release.

My nose and face was wet from my neighbor's dripping ass. It was then that I noticed my new neighbor had disappeared.

"Hey, man," I called.

The bound man responded, quickly, "I'm sorry about that, but your mouth felt so good. I think if he had kept you there a few more seconds, I would have gotten off again."

"Forget it. What happened to my neighbor?"

"The other new guy?"

"Yeah."

"They took him out right after they came for you."

I don't know how many hours passed. I dozed. Some guys were brought back to their cages. Some were dazed, others in tears, a few hysterical while a few seemed to be enjoying what-ever had happened to them. I noticed that some wore small cages locked to their shaved cocks and balls to prevent them from masturbating. Each cage had a hole in the corner where a slave could relieve himself, but there was no toilet paper.

After what seemed hours, I wondered when I would be fed and if I had been forgotten. I had spent some time looking the layout over with a view of escaping, but I knew that it would be hard, if not impossible, especially with my hands tied.

The sounds that had greeted me when I first entered the room of cages was beginning again. The place had never been entirely quiet, but I had become accustomed to the racket.

A number of Masters had come and gone, often demanding service from someone of one kind or another. No one had approached me. I was glad to be left alone.

I don't know where he came from, but I found the blond giant outside of my cage. Another guard accompanied him and my Master just stepped aside as my cage was unlocked. The guard ordered me out of the cage.

As I stepped out, my Master motioned me to my knees and I bent over and kissed his bare feet and then turned and kissed the guard's boots. Leather cuffs were again locked to my wrists and ankles after the handcuffs had been removed.

My Master nodded to the guard as I started to follow him. The blond smashed the flat of his hand against the upraised buttocks of my neighbor across the corridor. I heard a mumbled "Thank you, Sir."

No effort was made to refasten my hands. My Master motioned for me to follow him. The guard led us out into the corridor. We proceeded down the hall, through a door, down a flight of stairs and into another corridor. Halfway down the corridor, a man in full leather sat at a desk.

"Goodnight," he said, smiling at the blond. I noticed that no one ever mentioned another person's name in this place.

"Take it easy," my Master said in a pleasant tone of voice that I had never heard him use before. I followed him down the hall and he opened a door to his right and I followed him into a large room. He switched on a light and I found myself in a room which any top would have like having for his own use.

The room had track lighting which afforded the Master complete darkness or a spotlight effect. The walls were lined with various sorts of equipment; most of it I recognized, but some of it looked pretty specialized and I couldn't help wondering how much of it was going to be used on me.

The Master closed the door and approached a black leather arm chair. Next to it was a large control panel; he flicked a couple of switches which blacked the room out and only a spotlight centered itself on the floor in front of the chair. The Master sat in the chair where the shadows hid his face but the light illuminated his hard stomach and heavy cock and balls.

"Come here, slave." I approached the chair. "Kneel and sit back on your haunches because I have a lot to say before we start your actual training." I knelt and squatted on my heels. "While I talk you will keep your eyes on my cock and balls and never let your eyes stray. My cock and balls will become very important as you get more into the headspace of being a slave. Believe me, you will be a total slave before I am through with you."

I kept my eyes on his blond bush and the cockhead which stretched out on the seat between his legs. It was soft and I hated to think what it would be like when it reached its full, hard stature. The balls were like two big globes, protected by a bag of hairy skin. I could see the heavy veins which, when engorged with sexual lust, would form their own demanding course as they massaged and brutalized my sensitive tissues. I was hypnotized by the monster, fearful of arousing it, yet wanting to see it in its ferocious totality. I had never been one for size in a man's equipment, but I could now appreciate the feelings of those I contemptuously referred to as "size queens."

Slowly my Master began his dissertation. "You were picked up and put in custody to fulfill a specific contract. Another team has found a man better fitted to the specifications. Count yourself lucky, man, because you were going to lose your balls. The other man lost his an hour ago and is recuperating. You may wonder in time to come if you had not been better off in his position, but you can take it from me, you are better off not nutless. Now, we always have general contracts for sex slaves and that is what you will be trained for. I will train you to suck cock the way it should be sucked, I will fuck and fist your ass. You will drink my piss and eat my shit."

I could not believe what I was hearing. My asshole was practically virgin, having only had a cock up it a few times when I discovered that I didn't care for it. As far as a fist was concerned, I had fisted my share of guys, but it never really did anything special for me. I usually only did it if the guy wanted it after a particularly good scene. Piss I could handle, but I knew that I would never be able to handle shit. Scat was not my scene, even as a top.

"It's been left up to me how I handle you. I think I can make

a special out of you, an SM special. There's a big demand for good ones. We'll just see how good you are."

My mind was in a turmoil. I was trying to assimilate his words, but I could not believe what was being said. In retrospect, I recalled that the night I was captured, I had not planned to go out and went just on the spur of the moment.

Reaching over, he switched on the lights. He retrieved a set of keys from the top of the console and removed my wrist and ankle cuffs. Handing me a jar, he directed me to the bathroom and told me to rub the cream over every part of my body that had been shaved, including my eye brows. "Also, clean out. I don't like shit on my dick, then shower that stuff off of you."

The bathroom was windowless and, when I finished, I returned to the room. He signaled me to my hands and knees and I crawled across the room to him. In a doggie bowl by his side, he had placed some dog biscuits. He commanded me to eat them. I knew that he did not want me to use my hands, so I bent down and grasped a biscuit with my lips and teeth. The biscuits were dry and they made my mouth feel more cottony and dry. After I had finished the last one, my Master offered me his big cock.

"Take the head in your mouth and hold it there."

I opened my mouth wide to accommodate the big head and tried to put no pressure on it. As I had expected, he started a healthy flow of hot piss which had a sharp tang, but I found myself drinking it avidly and it managed to quench my thirst. I didn't lose a drop.

Next, he ordered me over to the bed on my hands and knees and he lay back on the full sized bed with his legs wide—spread and his golden head resting on his arms, leaving himself completely open.

"Your first test," he began, "is to show me how you can service a man's body with your mouth."

I stood by the side of the bed, leaned over and started to lick his chest. I worked my tongue over the broad plane of taut flesh, giving particular attention to his large, protruding nipples, alternating sucking them and running them between my teeth and lips. I was encouraged by his heavy breathing. I moved into each of his armpits, cleaning the sweat which had accumulated in the blond hair, savoring the saltiness. With large swoops of my tongue, I laved his sides and his stomach, centering on his navel which had become a reservoir of pre-cum. I lapped up the goo, savoring the nectar which had amassed there. His cock was now full grown and I had an opportunity to see it at full staff. I would never have believed that a piece of flesh and gristle could make me quail in almost abject fear. I believed that it was physically impossible for that phallus to enter any of my orifices without killing me. I avoided the cock and balls, expecting my Master to force me to give service to his monstrous prong.

He said nothing, so I continued down the tops and sides of his legs to his bare feet. I tasted the grime which had been picked up in his travels on the sole of one foot. I cleaned the toes and in between them. I moved to the other foot and cleaned the toes. As I touched the heel, it was as if I had given a signal. My Master turned over on his stomach. I travelled up the legs; my spit was running out. I laved his tight buttocks, thinking in passing how I would like to shove my cock into the receptacle which lie between them. Up the sides to his back and then down his spine. I knew that I would have to do something which would gratify him or he might want to take it out on me, so I was determined to give his asshole a few flicks of my tongue. As I pushed the cheeks of his ass apart, I ran my tongue along the musky, sweaty crack of his ass. Again he took over. He got up on the bed on all fours and swung around so the crack of his ass was facing me. The cheeks were spread apart and he was silently commanding me to give full service to the pink rosette which was lodged there. Taking a

deep breath, I blew enticingly on the pucker. It twitched at me in reponse. I laved it and drove my tongue into its musky depth, swirling the edges to induce them to open more and more to my slow penetration. My own cock was hard and dripping, but I knew better than to touch myself. To keep my hands occupied, I pressed the buttocks farther apart and began to blow gusts of air up his ass. He pushed his ass harder against my face and in a few moments he expelled these air sacs back into my face. My mouth and jaws were getting tired. He had had enough and he turned and pushed me away. Again I was on my knees, my eyes centered on his hard, dripping cock as he sat facing me.

"You ever sucked a cock, slave?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," I responded, knowing better than to editorialize the fact that I had never even seen one like that.

Absently, he scratched his pubic hair. "Well, you probably never had one like this, but we'll see. Come closer, fuck-head."

Gingerly, I inched forward until I found my mouth almost touching the dripping head.

"Put your tongue out and lick the slit."

I washed the slit free of the leaking, viscous material, finding it to be an aphrodisiac in itself since I knew that I wanted all of that big dick. If he had been one of my slaves, I would have plunged my mouth down on it and taken as much as I could.

"Start eating, dicklicker."

I took the big head in my mouth and swirled my tongue around the protruding corona. The cock was so big and heavy that I could feel its weight in my mouth. I moved down on the shaft and soon found the head pushing against my glottus. My throat was still tender from the earlier assault in my cage and I was reluctant to get brave with this murderous weapon. I guarded my teeth which was pretty difficult

because of the girth of the meat. I pulled back on it, sucking as hard as I could but, because of its size I was unable to exert the pressure which might have brought his load off faster.

"You can't just suck the head and a couple of inches, shitmouth; you've got to take it down your throat to my balls."

"Please, Sir," I began, but my head echoed from a well-place slap.

"You don't talk unless I tell you to. You're going to take it all if I have to tear your throat out. You aren't a master now, punk; you're just a shitmouthed slave. If I kill you with my dick, it's no big thing. Guys like you are a dime a dozen."

He grabbed my head in his big hands and told me to grab my wrist behind me and to leave my hands there. I expected him to drive his cock into my throat and kill me on the spot.

He eased the cock head into my mouth, pulling my head down further on the shaft until my gag reflex started to come into play. He told me to swallow hard which I did and the head moved into my already sore throat. He held the cock head and what must have been an inch of the cock in my throat. I was choking from the lack of oxygen and he pulled out until the heavy head lay just inside of my mouth. Again he shoved the cock further into my throat, but I could see that I was a long way from the golden hairs of his sweaty crotch. Again and again he repeated the slow process until, incredibly, I found my dripping nose buried in his crotch hair.

I could not believe that I had taken all of that dick down my throat. He began a slow, steady in and out thrusting. My gagging was under control; my eyes were filled with tears from the strain while my nose ran as if I had a cold. The tempo was building as his need became more and more urgent. I tried to force my aching muscles to give the kind of suction which would bring him off that much faster. His deep labored breathing was the only sign that he was about to spew his

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seed into the agonized orifice. The monstrous head grew in diameter as it prepared to discharge the cum and then with the fury of a volcano it erupted great gushes into my sore throat. He came and came, but he made no effort to reward me by allowing me to savor his hot cum. As he held the throbbing organ in its soft sheath with my nose buried in the fine hairs, I was sure that he was going to let me strangle. Just before I blacked out, he pulled out and I took long labored breaths, filling my air-starved lungs. I sucked the remaining ooze from the head, feeling the cock soften in my mouth. I wondered if he was going to give me another load of piss, but he merely shoved me away.

After a few moments he arose and tied me spreadeagle in the center of the room. He told me that he did not believe in using a hood at the beginning of his training because he wanted all of my senses in play to experience what he did to me. He gave me a tablet and told me to swallow it. I did. Within a few minutes my entire body and my brain acquired a sensitivity it had never had before. He whipped my naked frame, back and front, with a variety of whips. While he never broke the flesh, he raised a number of welts. Whatever he had given me heightened my response to the pain. I felt it instantly, but my cock stayed hard and I grooved on it. I don't think that I would have been able to endure it without the drug.

After he had finished whipping my body, he walked over to a drawer, pulled something out, and turned toward me. In his hand he held a huge dildo which he was greasing with his other hand. There was an evil leer on his face as he approached me. I knew that I was in a vulnerable position with my legs widespread which inhibited really using my muscles to prevent his invasion of my ass. The dildo was big and veined but not as large as his cock. Over his shoulder he had some straps which I knew were going to hold the device in place.

"I've got to get you ready for the real thing, pissface."

I waited in apprehension. His fingers played with my hole. First, he inserted one, found my prostate and started to deftly massage it, actually tease it. Another finger followed the first and I heard myself groan at the stretching. Almost caressingly he pulled his fingers free, rubbing the grease over the cheeks of my ass. Then I felt the blunt end of the dildo pressed against my asshole in a screwing motion. He could have plunged it in, but he preferred taking his time which I appreciated. I knew that I could not stop him. I would not plead with him, so I strained as if I was trying to take a shit and felt the muscles around my tight sphincter loosen up. The head was in the entrance gate before I realized it. He twisted it there for a moment, allowing my muscles to become accustomed to the intruder. Slowly, more and more of the huge rubber phallus found its way into my rectum and on to my colon. I had never felt so full in my life. Tentatively, I clenched at the invader and found that I could endure it. He secured it in place. My cock had gotten hard again.

After he finished with my asshole, he concentrated on the front of me. He placed incredible weights on my balls until I was sure that they would rip them off. He set the weights into a swinging motion. Next, he placed teethered, springed clamps on my tits. Everything else was forgotten as a scream burst forth from my lips. The room reverberated with the repeated cries. My chest was on fire. My ass and my balls were totally forgotten. He stood back from me, allowing the teeth to do their work as they ate into the tender flesh. Looking down at my agonizing chest, I could see beads of blood forming around the teeth.

He walked over to a small fridge and extracted a can of beer which he opened and sipped as the tools he had attached to me worked their incredible pain on me. It seemed an eternity until he removed the weights from my balls. My chest was still

painful but a numbness had begun to set in. He flicked each of the tit clamps, causing me to groan. Quickly and expertly, he removed the clamp from my right nipple and I screamed again as the blood returned to the starved nerve endings, causing the most excruciating pain. I dreaded the inevitable removal of the other clamp. Again, I felt as if my brain would explode from the pain. He allowed me to rest in my bonds as he finished his beer. The effects of the drug, whatever it had been, were beginning to wane.

Taking me down, he directed me to a leather sling that hung from the ceiling. He made me lie on my back with my legs widespread and above me. The ankles were attached to the chains which held the sling. One hand was chained above me while he placed an open bottle of poppers in my other hand. I appreciated this thoughtfulness because I knew that I was going to need it. He stood between my legs. From a small table by his side, he opened a can of Crisco and began to apply it to his fingers and hand in heavy doses. He removed the harness which held the dildo in place with the ungreaased left hand and worked the dildo back and forth in my gut before tossing it on the floor. The greased fingers of his right hand immediately sought their way up into my ass before the muscles had a chance to tighten up. All four fingers and his thumb were easing their way further into the tight hole. The thumb knuckle held up complete entry of the hand into my rectum.

"Take a hit of those poppers. This hole is still tight."

I snorted the acrid aroma into each nasal passage and for extra duty I sucked the fumes through my mouth. I could feel the muscle relaxing against the onslaught and he very quickly had his entire hand inside of the entry hall. He made a fist, curling his fingers around his thumb. I found myself groaning involuntarily from the heady effects of the poppers and the massive invasion of my ass. He twisted the fist around; the knuckles abraded my prostate gland, causing my shriveled cock to leap on my stomach. Slowly he began his cautious drive into my colon. The muscles in his bicep began to ripple at the exertion as more and more of his forearm disappeared up my ass. He began fucking my ass. As his hand withdrew, he twisted his fist, causing my cock to begin to harden. The tempo of the pounding began to slowly build. I resorted more and more to the poppers. My balls began to tighten in their sac and I knew that very soon I would be dumping my first load since I had been taken prisoner. He must have been aware of my close ejaculation because he picked up the speed of the thrusts and withdrawals. I let out a scream as my hard cock spewed the first stream which smashed into my face and past my head. I thought I would never stop coming. When I spent my load, he continued his abuse of my ass for a few more minutes. Then he slowly eased his hand out of my ass. Offering me his hand, I began to lick the melted grease and mucous from his fingers and his arm.

Grabbing a towel, he stood back and observed me. My cum was drying on my body. His cock was hard and because of its weight it hung down over his balls. He approached me and aimed his huge tool at the recently emptied hole and drove the hard cock all the way up my ass. Standing in one position, he held the chains of the sling, impaling me on his cock again and again. The fury of his drives was awesome. He was like a rutting animal. The tempo picked up and I could feel every inch of the monster up my ass. Another load was building in my balls as my guts were brutally ravaged. We came at the same moment. The veins in his cock had swelled just before his cum filled me up. He left his cock in my ass as it softened and then I felt the beginnings of another torrent as his beer-filled bladder emptied into my bruised, aching hole. He left my hole plugged up with his cock as he loosened the bonds on my feet and one hand. Pulling out, he told me to head for the toilet and not to lose a drop or I'd lap it all up. I

walked awkwardly to the bathroom with the muscles of my ass tightly clenched to hold in all the cum and piss.

While I was emptying my guts in the toilet, I heard the telephone ring in the next room. I didn't pay any attention to what was being said although I was sure I was being discussed. My poor asshole felt as if it would never be able to close up again. I wondered if my guts would come out. I checked the water for blood but found not a trace.

I returned to the room where I found my Master guzzling another beer and I knew that before long I would have another gutful of his piss. I began to kneel, but he shook his head, sighed and threw the empty can into a trash can.

"Come on," he said.

I knew better than to ask what was happening. I followed him down the hall, past the guard who looked quizzically at us but was too well-trained to ask anything. We entered the stairwell and instead of stopping at the next floor, we proceeded up one more flight. One more guard was waiting inside of the door and unlocked it for us. I was led down a hall to a heavy door with a covered peep hole. The guard unlocked it and I entered a room with a toilet, sink, shower and a narrow bed. On a chair by the bed was a pair of drawstring shorts and some books. There were no windows. I looked inquiringly at my Master but he had already turned away while the guard locked the door shut. I was alone. I found a clean towel inside of the shower stall with a bar of soap. I found the water could be controlled so I took a hot shower. Donning the shorts, I laid back on the bed, enjoying its austere comfort. Within a few minutes the guard returned and put a tray of food on the floor. The food was in metal containers and there was a cup of hot liquid which I sniffed suspiciously and discovered was black coffee. The food was plain, but after my diet of piss and cum it seemed quite sumptuous. I started to eat slowly and still suspiciously, sus-

pecting drugs or even poison, but it seemed all right.

I stayed in the room for three weeks without any visitors, excepting the guard who brought me my meals and changes of linen, and, occasionally, some pocket books.

The hair on my body was beginning to sprout and give me an itching fit. The first night I tried to jack-off; I did it fearfully, afraid this might be some sort of a test and if I masturbated without permission I would be punished. Nothing happened. I like to come and found myself beating off regularly just out of boredom. One time the guard put my food tray in just as I was shooting my load but he ignored me and made no comment. My Master was my fantasy during my beating off sessions.

After what I had come to feel was a lifetime, my door was opened. I expected food, but I found two men with the guard. The heavier-set man told me to take off my shorts and leave them in the room. I was naked and vulnerable again. I followed the men down the hall, past the stairway door into a room where I was told to sit in a barber chair. There were no bondage devices in evidence. I sat cautiously and a man entered the room in a barber's smock and proceeded to lather and shave only my face.

I tried to speak but the larger man merely said, "Shut up." I was struck by the fact that no abusive appellations followed the order.

I was led into a sterile looking hospital room and told to lay back on the padded table. Oh, no, I thought, you aren't going to cut my balls off. I smashed the big man in the face, catching him offguard and he collapsed on the floor. The second man reacted quickly and pressed a button near the door. I hit him and he went down. I pulled the door open and found five big men in attendants' clothing converging on the room. I tried to fight my way free, but I was immobilized very quickly, even though it took all of them to do it.

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Back in the room, I found a doctor emerging from another room in a long white coat and a stethoscope around his neck. He shook his head wonderingly at the prone figures on the floor. "What happened?"

One of the attendants said, "I guess this one cold-cocked them."

"Never mind, I'll look at them later. Put him on the table."

As they wrestled me in place the doctor removed a surgical pack from the sterilizer with tongs. I watched him cautiously as he unwrapped the dressings and selected a syringe and needle and proceeded to load it from a bottle.

"Hold him still," he told the attendants as he probed the vein in the crook of my elbow. Quickly he penetrated the vein and began to slowly inject the drug.

My brain began to take a spin. I felt as if my entire body was descending down a deep, dark shaft. I was oblivious to everything; I had become unconscious. Two times I almost climbed out of the shaft and heard voices around me before I was returned to the depths.

Slowly I came out of my deep sleep to find myself in some sort of padded case. There was a hiss which caught my ear and I realized that an oxygen unit had been built into it. Anxiously, I felt my groin and happily found I still had my cock and balls. I was evidently in some sort of truck because I sensed the movement on pavement. After a while the truck came to a halt and started up again. Minutes later, the truck stopped again and I tumbled in the case as it was lifted and taken, quite clumsily, quite some more distance. I could not hear any voices since the box was sound-proofed.

I heard some fumbling around the box as it came to its final resting place. Where would I find myself, I wondered. Had some fucking Arabian oil man bought me, or some nut who wanted the pleasure of tearing my balls off himself? Well, I swore, whoever it is in one world of trouble. I'll have his or her balls around his or her ears. Jesus, I thought, what if it is some woman! Fuck!

The side of the box opened and the first thing I saw was a highly polished pair of riding boots and neatly-pressed jodhpurs.

Then I heard it. "Ah'm sure you'll find him in tip-top shape."

Gathering myself, I leaped out of the box and turned to the voice—Jerry Sanders. *Just as fat and ugly as ever.* I hauled off and swung connecting with the one blow. I thought I had broken my fist when I heard the bone crack, but it was merely his jaw.

Jerry Sanders was unconscious in the middle of the carpet. The room registered on my mind and I felt a strange case of *deja vu*. Quickly I turned, looking for the person in boots and jodhpurs. I discovered him on his knees with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed in submission.

"Guy, you lousy bastard," I snarled as I walked up to him. My bare foot lashed out at him, knocking him to the floor. I stubbed my toe and began hopping around. After the pain began to subside, I snarled, "What are we going to do about him?"

"Is he living, Sir?"

"I hope not, but let me see." I knelt by the prone figure of the man who had put me through hell and found his breathing to be labored. "He's just knocked out."

"May I suggest that we call Pierre?"

"O.K., get your butt off of the floor and get him in here. I'll deal with you later."

Pierre didn't blink an eye at seeing me standing there stark naked and the Count on his knees by my side. I told him to call some sort of ambulance service to get Sanders to a hospital, that the Count would pay the hospital costs. Sanders was to be advised that I would be at the hospital to see him. I knew he was all right as he began to groan on the floor. Pierre

assured me that everything would be handled as I desired.

Strange, here I was buck naked and Guy was fully dressed, but I felt a tremendous surge of power and control. The Net had not broken my will. My cock was beginning to rise from its nest of short, newly grown pubic hair in expectation of events.

"Get your fucking ass off of the floor, slave. We have a session due in your dungeon that you will never forget."

I followed Guy to a paneled wall next to the bookcase. He reached over his head and pressed a knob in the paneling and the wall sprang open, revealing the brightly-lit steps of hewn stone.

For the next three hours, I worked out all of my frustrations, anger and growing love on Guy. He gave himself totally to me. I spewed cum and piss into his ass, mouth and all over his body. I drove my fist and arm up his ass all the way to my bicep. His front and back were etched with stripes and broken flesh.

When we returned to the Master bedroom, Pierre helped me apply the healing salve to his wounds. My biggest surprise came when I dismissed Pierre. This short, slightly overweight man knelt before me and kissed my bare feet and then my hand, calling me "*Mon Maitre*." My Master. I figured that I would have to look into that later. It had all sorts of possibilities.

Guy slept on the carpeted floor under a comforter by the side of the bed. In the morning when I awoke, I looked over the edge of the bed and found him looking up at me. I ordered him into the bed to perform what would become his morning duty of sucking me off and drinking my piss.

At breakfast in the formal dining room, I ate at the end of the table while a naked Comte de Tournon ate out of a doggie bowl with his arms resting on the floor while his luscious butt pointed up at me intriguingly. In our later conversations I discovered that Guy had let his earlier slave go with a healthy amount of money to start a new life and to insure that he would cause no trouble.

During the afternoon, I took Guy's Porsche and drove to the hospital. I had left my new slave tied up in the dungeon, waiting for my return.

Jerry Sanders looked awfully pale and his eyes were not very friendly. His jaws were wired together, but he managed to make himself understood. I laid Guy's check on the bedside table which was payment for bringing me here. I assured him that we would cover the hospital bill.

He told me that Guy's order had come through after I had begun my slave training. He swore that he had no idea I was even in the complex until an aide told him. I didn't believe a word of it. Then he surprised me when he told me that Charlie, the blond master who had taken me over, felt that I would make an excellent slave. I asked him about Charlie, but he would only say that Charlie was straight with a wife and two kids. I left and never saw Jerry Sanders again.

You may have read about the Air France crash at Fiumicino Airport in Rome last year. The French and Italian papers listed Pierre Guy/Louis de Bassompierre, Comte de Tournon, among the victims. Guy had begged me for permission to go to Rome to visit a school friend who was dying of cancer. With a great deal of reluctance, I acquiesced.

A prune-faced old uncle of Guy's inherited the title and the estates. I was out on my ass, although Pierre stayed on. As I left, Pierre handed me an envelope from Guy. In it I found a bank book for a numbered account in a Bahamian bank. I would feel no financial pain for some time to come.

Today I'm back in San Francisco, but I stay away from Ringold Alley. I trick with a few regulars and am carefully looking for a permanent slave. I have a feeling that Jerry Sanders, if the bastard is still living, is waiting to throw the net over me for good.

Dear Larry,
Although I am younger than most guys who are seriously into SM (28), I am very much of a Top. I served my apprenticeship as bottom when I was 18 to about 24, and I have served as Master ever since. I'm also lucky enough to have a good face and a body that I've worked very hard to get into the shape it's in, so I look good in leather. However, I am very much into cowboy attire, and have several full outfits, all in brown leather—varying from light tan to dark chocolate in color. There aren't too many opportunities in my home area to wear these outfits where they are going to do me much good, but on a recent trip to a major city I wore them to the leatherbars, and had a number of guys respond to me—first, as an M and wouldn't believe I was Top, and secondly just making remarks about the brown leather. I don't understand this, because I think it looks pretty sharp. Can you give me some words of wisdom.

Cowboy, San Diego

Dear Cowboy,
There is a decided prejudice against leather being any color but black, and not too many years ago brown leather was considered an "M color." I know this tends to vary from one area to another, but that is probably one reason for the responses you received. Your age and (described) appearance are probably additional factors, since most guys expect the young ones to be bottom, despite the many fantasies of finding a young Top. It may not be right, but that's just the way it is.

Dear Larry,
I want to respond to some of the things you have written about the use of dope (harder drugs, not just grass and amyl). Because of your comments, among others, I had been afraid to try any of the more popular "mind-altering" drugs, because I was afraid of them. But I was recently talked into trying some acid, and later some MDA, and I want to tell you I had a couple of sexual trips like I've never had before! I can't understand your opposition to substances that can be such fantastic experiences, and I don't see how occasional use of them can be any worse than someone having two or three (or more) drinks every night before dinner. I also gather from your writings that you do this yourself. By your attitude you are depriving a great many people of an incredible experience.

Tom, NYC

Dear Tom,
Just to set the record straight, my use of alcohol is very limited—no more than a couple of ounces a day, if that much. As to the other drugs, I have never told

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

anyone that they do not produce exotic effects. They do. But that is the very incipient danger, inherent in their use. Heroin will also produce an exquisite euphoria, and I don't think anyone will deny the terrible consequences to the drug's addiction... nor the fact that it is addicting. Progressing downward from here, the "lesser" drugs have the same enticing qualities, to a greater or lesser (or somewhat varied) degree. Unfortunately, the ones that produce the most mind-blowing effects are the very ones that set up tissue and psychological needs. When you play with them, you are literally holding a tiger by the tail. However exhilarating the immediate effects may be, the aftermath when you let go can be disastrous. I can not, in good conscience, advise anyone to use potentially addicting drugs. I have seen too many guys lose everything they have previously worked to achieve, and end up in a drug rehabilitation program, as a result of their being unable to handle the street drugs. They may have enjoyed it while it lasted, but the eventual consequences were simply not worth the short-time thrill.

Dear Larry,
While I found the Leatherman's Handbook instructive and philosophically inspiring in my early days of SM activity, I feel I have outgrown it, so to speak. You do not cover areas that are of particular interest to me, such as electro-genital torture. Is your new revision going to include articles on things such as this? The last "revision" didn't change much from the first edition.

Jerry, Denver

Dear Jerry,
The Leatherman's Handbook is now in the hands of the publisher, and will probably be on sale by the end of 1982. It is not a revision, but a completely new book. I started from "scratch," and did a complete number on the whole leather/SM scene as I see it today. I did include all of the activities that should be of interest to you. The earlier revisions of the old Handbook were never intended to do more than bring the language and references (to businesses, etc.) up to date, as of that particular printing. Many activities that I was afraid to explore earlier, for fear of encouraging someone to do something destructive to himself, are included this time, because people are doing them anyway. I felt that if they were at least discussed, it might prevent people from doing them wrong and coming to an unfortunate early conclusion of their SM careers.

Dear Mr. Townsend,
In reading your column in Drummer I must congratulate you on your writing, but in the opinion of a writer for Wall Street, your answers are cruel. Yes, I agree (that) Drummer is SM, but to answer someone in a nasty way stinks! Where is your professionalism as a writer?

Ron, NYC

Dear Ron,
As one who has devoted his life to the understanding, exploration, and betterment of the leather/SM community, I have more than paid my dues. When someone submits himself to my tender graces—verbally or physically—he's going to get the best I can give him. If he takes pleasure from his pain, so much the better. If not, that's his loss.

Dear Larry,
In reading some of your comments about the prevalence of "gay diseases," I note that you encourage people to stay out of the baths and sex clubs. But last winter I was in the Mineshaft (NYC) and a friend of mine pointed you out to me. Isn't that kind of going against your own advice?

Curious, CT

Dear Curious,
I have been advising people that if they go to the baths and sex clubs, they have a greater chance of contacting someone who carries the various diseases we are all so afraid of. I never told you, in so many words, not to go. I merely suggested that you temper your activities with a bit of judgment. Wally was very good to me when I visited New York, and I enjoyed his facilities. But you didn't see me in one of those bathtubs, now did you?

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LEATHER SEX MASTER

Into S&M, B&D, wants to meet with like-minded. 160 lbs, 5'11", trim built for action. Photo with letter gets first replies for meetings. Snap to it and write c/o Drummer Box 3360.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

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CRUISE BY PHONE 415-346-8747

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ing and have your head together. Please send letter and recent photo to Box 3263.

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Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've been told, "it's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gdlky, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

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Wants to get you "musclemen" and no others in complete bondage to tie your balls and cock after bounding your tits

and slowly make you come whip your ass and rippled stomach until you come again. If you are "it" reply to PO Box 5401 Oakland, CA 94605. Send a photo if handy.

DAD WANTS YOUNG BB

Successful exec. comp BB, 35, living in S.F. seeks relationship w/young, masc BB 18-25. Photo & phone # to: Box 1753, Burlingame, CA 94010.

MALE ANIMAL

5'10", 130 lbs, 45 mustache, experimental, intelligent, faithful. Enjoy being taken charge of. Looking for a relationship with an equal or superior. Most scenes light to heavy, inc. anal, tit, genital work, leather, metal, rope, bondage, suspension, encasement. Can travel. Take me into it. Photo, letter, gets same. Box 3405.

HOT—HEAT—QUEER

36, 6', 185 lbs. w/m 6" cut Your queer slave worships leather, shit, heat in sick scenes for your pleasure. Train me to be your Queer. Limited travel. Bill, 1359 Highway 70, Oroville, CA 95965.

WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

By 45 year old Master. Absolutely no limits honored. Must include photo & phone. Novices considered. Must relocate to Marin Co., CA. Box 2042.

WANTED TOP

M, 41, 5'11", 138 lbs, german sportsman, 2-4 times annually in USA. Looking for tough til brutal sadist for extreme bondage (chaining), tit, ball and cock torture, whipping, exhibitionism, rape, hanging, masks, trips, poppers and more. Also in forests with other participants. English not perfect. Dieter Zoller, Hudeweg 30, 4790 Paderborn, West Germany.

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Young Asian Top seeks WM bottom in full black leather. Whipping, shaving, mutual TT. No drugs. Prefer smoker, moustache, 35+. Sir, Box 1632. No photo, no reply.

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Goodlooking son, Jap. 27, 5'6" 120 lbs seeks goodlooking muscular white over 35. Prefer no S/M. Send photo. Box 3483.

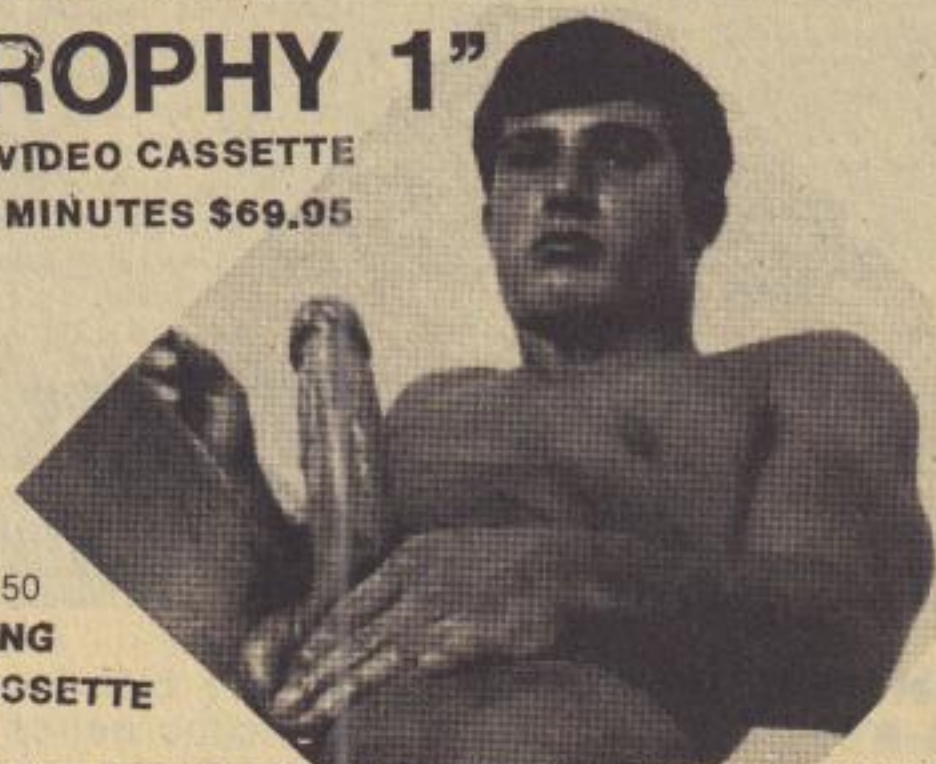
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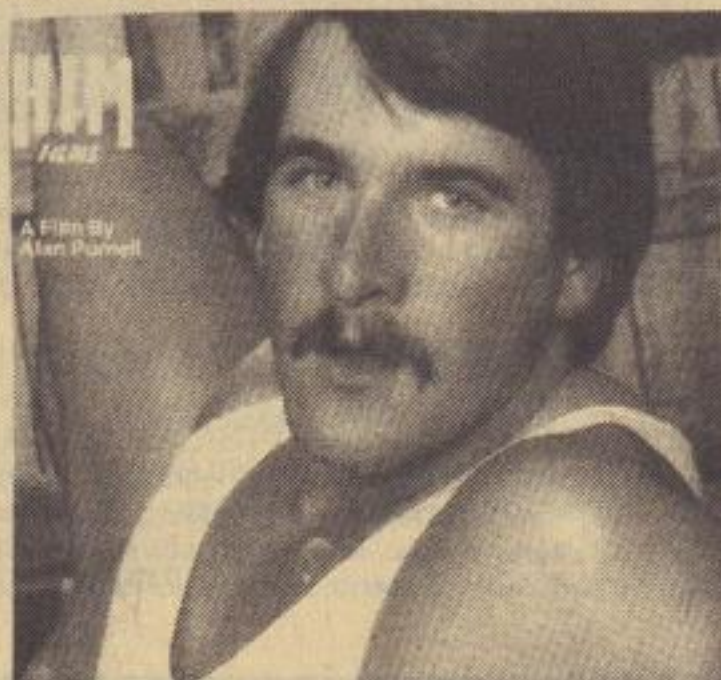
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DOMINATE TOPMAN

Wants obedient bottom. I am WM, 38, 5'10", 167 lbs., bearded, moustache, bald on top. You must have physical grace, mental agility & emotional stability for a mutually satisfying-enduring relationship. A strong active imagination & curiosity. *No drugs.* Letter and photo. Gary, P.O. Box 773, Petaluma, CA 94953.

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM, 40, 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441.

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With his head together. I am basically dominant and am looking for a permanent relationship. Roles are not important. I have been Master to a slave, Daddy to a son and just honest sex. No relationship can be built in a bed or black room. If you are serious, contact me. I can be very versatile. Frank, (415) 861-3183.

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs. wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night,

SIR. Also available for Privat-Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master, SIR. Please send me the date. I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461.

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B. T/T. FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106.

NEEDLEWORK

Top 41, 6'3", 210 lbs. into heavy medical scenes: needles, piercing & rings; Catheters; CBT; leather; W.S.; looking for subjects for experiments; uncut meat, tattoos & permanently ringed bottoms 30-50 years preferred. No answers without photo. Box 3454.

R.U.N.2:

W/S? Boxer shorts? Moustached LL 6-H S Bay stud for A.M. play? Most scenes OK. No hvy S&M, friend avail for P.M. 3rd. We R Hot—U better B 2. Box 3484.

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Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

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W/M 29

Sks together guys for friends and action. Send picture to: Ed, Box 5242, Hunt Bch, CA 92646.

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G/W/M 25, disc, 5'9", 135#. JF, Box 1054, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6 1/2"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

WHITE MACHO BOOTDOG

Hot, hung, horny, B/M, 39, 6', 170 lbs., wants dark, swarthy, handsome, over-sexed W/M slave animal w/moustache. Prefer 30-40, not afraid of affection. Thick, uncut meat a real A-Plus. Goal: long-term, stable relationship with S-M subtext, along with ruthless interest in boots/socks/feet. Must love to get butt-fucked, T/T, W/S, C&BT. No F/F. Scat, heavy pain. Send photo/letter. P.O. Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051.

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6'1", 27 years, 175 lbs, 8", athletic. Needs to be trained and dominated, taught how to serve by hard experienced master. Leather, cowboy, levi, etc. Genuine only. Photo. Box 3040.

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Will beg for re-cycled beer from your cheese-filled uncut shaft. Real thirsty—so give me every drop. Willing to expand on your wildest, sleaziest fantasy. No. Hollywood/Burbank/LA. 36, avg. bld. short beard, bwn hair, hairy body. Wayne, Box 1062, Burbank, CA 91507.

W/M 28 SEEKS MALES

As permanent slaves. Reply to PO Box 1833, Chula Vista Calif 92012.

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sanely. No games, BS or J.O. Will answer only with photo & phone. Ken Merlak, c/o 1115 Eighth Ave., San Diego, CA 92101.

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GWM seeks obedient clean cut son(21+), versatile, athletic, stable, a cut above average. Photo, phone answered first, no feds, fats, drugs. Box 3466.

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LOYAL SLAVE

Tampa Bay Area. Level-headed L/L slave, WM, 29, 5'6", crewcut, moustache, beard, hairy chest. Into moderate S&M, FF, hot wax, VA, recycled beer shot down my throat, body shaving, head trips, and almost everything else. I'd like to eat your pits and suck the spit out of your mouth. Put me in a collar, cuffs, restraints, a hood. Sir, I will submit to and serve you, a real master, 30-40, hairy, and who will take the time to train me in your ways and to develop my trust in you so to take me to levels far beyond the limits I have. A well-equipped gameroom would be a plus. Sir, for your trust and respect you gain my complete loyalty and unquestioned obedience. Sir, I want you to be proud of me as your slave. Please write with photo. I will reply to every letter. Box 1522.

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Goodlooking, well-built male seeks aggressive, no-nonsense cops who know how to feed cock, kick ass, and earn respect. Not interested in phonies or play acting. Real cops only. Box 009.

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Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc., for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must, phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313.

ATTRACTIVE, BEARDED MASTER

36, seeks crotch, piss slaves, who enjoy humiliation, being used. Travel widely. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

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Miami Beach W/M 48 (looks 38) 6'4" 195 lbs looking for a straight looking live-in GWM houseboy slave under 28. Must be masculine, hard body, tough, no body hairs, great ass. Likes to be fucked, verbal abuse, rough sex. No heavy S/M. Total commitment mind and body to Master-Daddy. Total loss of freedom demanded. Must obey and open to new things. T.L.C. No Fats, Fems or Dopers. Only serious candidate write meaningful letter, send photos and phone number. Relocation expense for right boy. Don't apply if you don't qualify or you don't want a lasting relationship. Write: Steve, Box 8386, Miami Beach, FL 33119.

20 YEAR OLD W/M

Seeks sincere correspondence with anyone—Male or Female—for possible friendships or future relations. All letters will be answered. I'm in prison and my time will be finished soon. Please write soon. Mike McDonough, #060-350, PO Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

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W/m 25. Yours gets mine. Box 3102, Pompano Bch, FL 33062.

GEORGIA

—BREECHES AND BOOTS—

Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fetish for tall, tight, polished boots. I am booted and breeched top, white, 60, 6 feet, 165 pounds. Into leather, light S&M, motorcycling, boot worship, uniforms and wearing riding clothing in public with similarly clad partner. Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga. Box 3155.

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May apply to a muscular real body-builder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo, qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service, and limits respected. No fems or drugs. Macon. Box 3076.

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Into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel. Box 3276.

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ATLANTA OLDER SLAVE

Seeks master 25-40. Send photo, phone number to Box 3468.

IDAHO

PISS, SHAVING

Light S&M. I'm slender, 30's, cut. No scat, FF, or C/B torture. Ray, PO Box 44123, Boise, Idaho 83704.

WM, 35, 5'10"

200 lbs. blond, hairy, bearded face-sitter looking for easy going MEN 30-40. Turn on to hair, beards, levis, mutual activities, WS, JO, and anything oral. Southwest Idaho. Box 3448.

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CHICAGO AND LOS ANGELES

Slim W/M, 34, seeks submissive male, 18-25, who enjoys being spanked, paddled and fucked. Travelers OK. Send photo. Box S-189, 323 S. Franklin, Suite 804, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

CHICAGO SUPER HAIRY

W/M, 34, 5'6", 42" c, 31w, 130#, short blk beard, moustache, balding. Seeks a bottom man 30-40 into tits, cock & ball

work, JO, fucking & dildoes. As a good top my responsibility is your max pleasure/pain. Photo w/letter gets first response. Would also like to hear from men anywhere into cock/ball torture. No scat, heavy S/M, drugs. Overweights & fems don's waist my time! Box 3488.

W/M 43 6' 170

Looking for slim slave, 20-35. Earn the privilege of sleeping with me this winter. B-D total body service. Box 3463.

CHGO LEATHER DAD

W/M, 39, 5'10", 170, bearded, professional, good looking; seeks young men for hot sessions. Into leather but no heavy S/M. Firm but gentle. Box 3486.

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28, 6'2", 170 lbs. Wants muscular man or men 21 to 35 for whatever cums naturally. Send details, photo, phone, please. Box 3479.

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE

MASTER 28

Wants slave. Nude picture a must. P.O. Box 6211, Evansville, Ind 47712.

IOWA

GDLKG W/M

30 5'10" 160 sks same 18-35. Adven, gd tms, rel? Bx 16, Ames, IA 50010. Inexp OK.

TRIM W/M 50

Seeks hndsm, sm skin, muscularly well-defined model, 18-26, for weekly sessions at a Des Moines motel. Financial help available. Send photo & phone # to: Mac, Box D-163, 323 Franklin So., #804, Chicago, IL 60606-7094.

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New Orleans. WM, 35, Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather. High black boots. Full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1579.

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GUYS IN PORTLAND AREA

Into hot kinky sex (leather, WS, JO, tit and ball torture, bondage, FF, etc.) let's get some orgys or one on one's going. I'm 24, 5'8", 145 lbs. Write to Boxholder, Box 10085, Portland, ME 04104.

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To become prison punk to domineering ex-con. No heavy leather. Portland area desired. You must have place. Age or race not important. Box 3469.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE SLAVE (29 YRS)

Begs Masters to train him in bondage and obedience. Photo & phone no. for instant reply. Box 3475.

MASSACHUSETTS

BONDAGE SLAVE

WM, 65, is looking for a young master, 23-35, with 8" or more of uncut cock to service. Am French active and Greek passive. No drugs, FF, S&M or pain, just bondage. Plymouth Area, but am retired, can travel anywhere AMTRACK goes. Your nude photo gets mine. Box 2025.

WANTED

Big thick-dicked daddy, w/m, good shape, over 34, virile, who can train a w/m in a blue collar job— am strong.

virile, thick, honest, ready to work and learn any trade-type work that pays union scale. I am Irish/Ital, 27, short, humpy, hung, eager to please boy looking for an older exper. man to train and look out for me. Serious only, no fats, fems, alcoholics, or heavy drugs. Will relocate. Box 3383.

C&B PAIN

B&D for 18-23 slaves. Call (617) 256-2968.

MEAN GRIZZLY BEAR

Hairy, masculine man wants scenes with hairy, masculine men. I'm big & bearded, 29, 6'3", 195 lbs, looking to rough house with butch guys: bootlicking, bondage, verbal abuse, spit whips, face-slapping, stomach-punching & creative humiliation. Can top or bottom. I turn on to hairy chests, forearms, hands, asses, feet & pits. Photo & phone please. After the scene I can be real sweet, but during the scene I'm mean as hell. Box 3471. New England-New York.

BAD ASS BOOTS

Skin fucking tight black leather and snarling Harley— Turn you on, fucker? It does me— I wanna get into leather action with hot studs who'll worship my total stuff! Photo with reply to Ray— 34 Gordon St., Framingham, Mass. 01701.

SHAVING

Hot man, 6', 165, 33. Good looks & body. Looking for wellbuilt men to 40, into body shaving. No fat. Send picture. Doug. Box 1492, PO Box CO. 10 Milk St. Boston, Mass. 02108.

LEATHER MASTER

Seeks novice & exp. slaves into black leather, bondage, c/b torture, whipping, w/s, piercing & medical procedures. Must be in good physical shape.

limits respected & expanded, not over 35, detailed letter to Box 353, 104 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114.

HOT MASTER

Want experienced slave or willing learner. Into C&BT, TT, shaving water sports and leather gear and toys. Limits respected. Send letter with your desires, and include photo and phone. No fems or fats. Box 3453.

BIG NIPPLES

Boston, gdlng M, 24, 6'1", 165 lbs— needs titwork; also into W/S, leather, dildos, and poppers. Call (617) 437-0911.

MICHIGAN

SIR

Potential slave needs exp. master who, having gained my trust, will lead me to new experiences; wish to be taught to serve and obey by dominant, but understanding, master/daddy (in attitude, not necessarily in age). Your response is respectfully requested by: W. Michigan w/m, uncut, 30, 5'9", 165 lbs., beard and moustache. Box 3203.

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

DRUMMER DADDY

30, 6'1", 200 lbs. br/bl. trim beard, gd. lkg, seeks pliant, submissive, obedient son/slave 18-35 in S.E. Mich. area for weekend activities, both in and out of bed. Attitude is more important than appearance. Detailed, respectful letter should include anything that you feel would enhance your application. Box 3456.

MASCULINE LEATHER DUDE

Beard, moustache 38 5'8" 150# good-looking, nice body. Versatile & excellent sex. Looking for the same. Detroit, Ann Arbor area. Box 3464.

NEED A BLOW JOB?

I am 47 6ft 170 lbs. I will satisfy you. I don't want anything done to me. Box 3480.

MINNESOTA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white, seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs to be owned. Prefer young (however all considered), trim or muscular, clean, obedient, submissive and ready for slavery in mind. Novice okay, will train. If you know you were meant to be a slave, write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo. Box 3251.

TWIN CITIES MASTER

42— 6'1"— 160 seeks bottoms for S&M tit torture C&B torture— leather, hoods, gags, wips, chims etc. Limits respected. Box 3298.

MISSOURI

NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED

Kansas City. Tattooed S, 45, 6'2", muscular 185, 7", wants slender man-slave 20-30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle. Apply with photo. Box 3129.

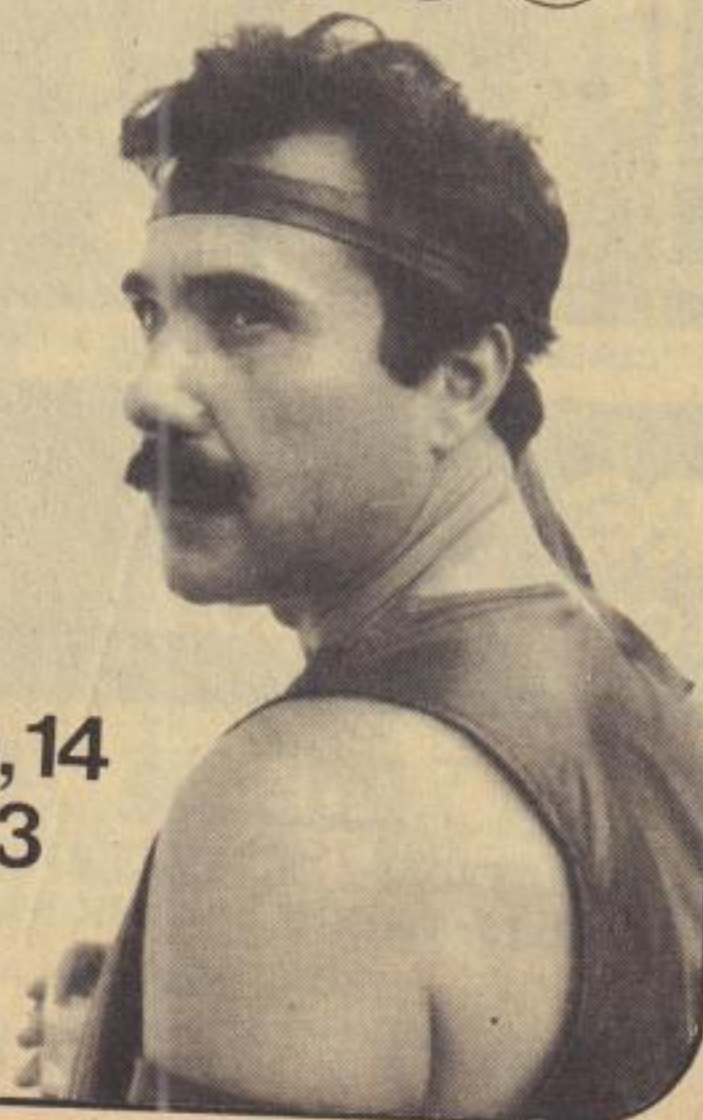
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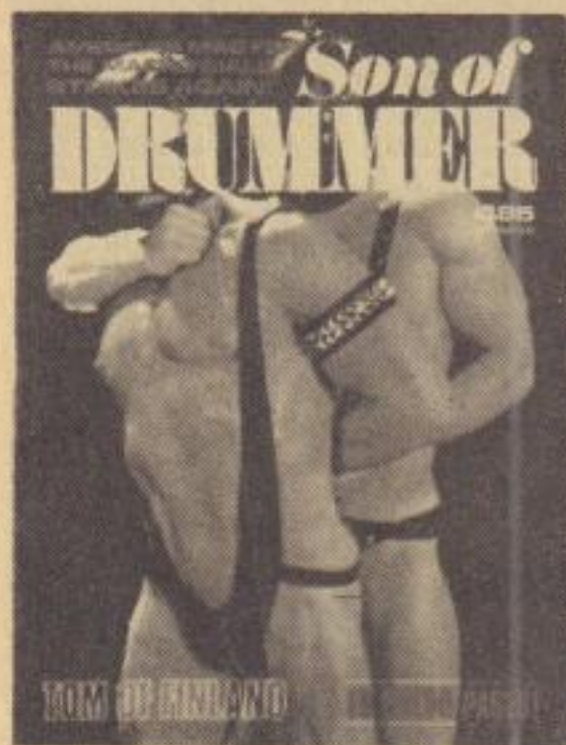


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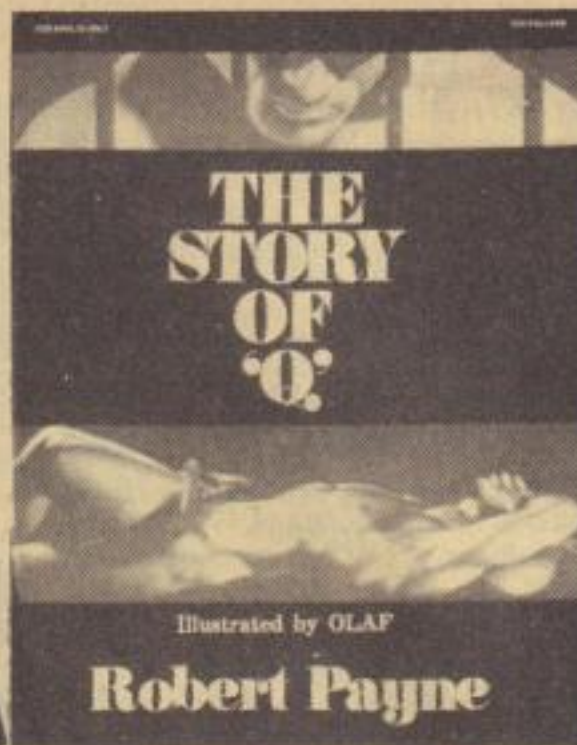
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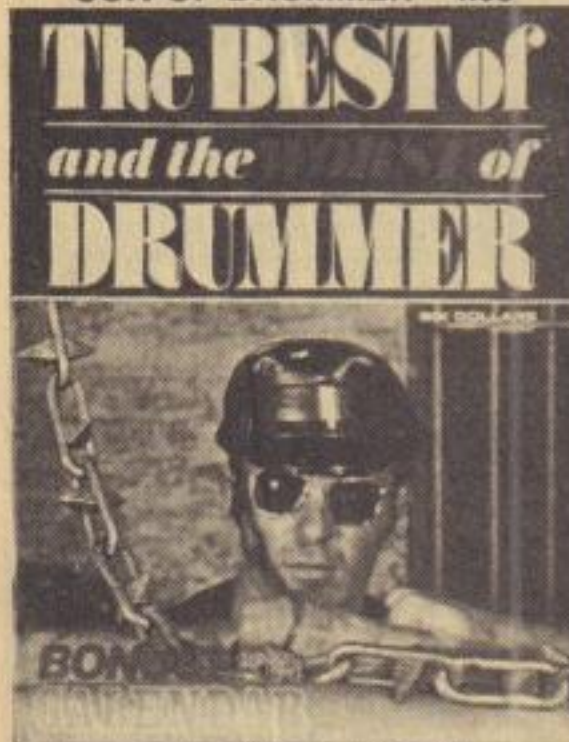
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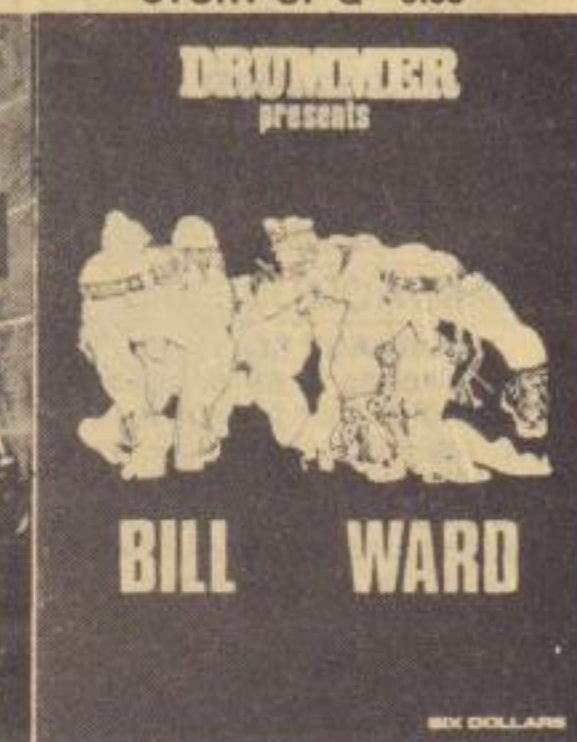
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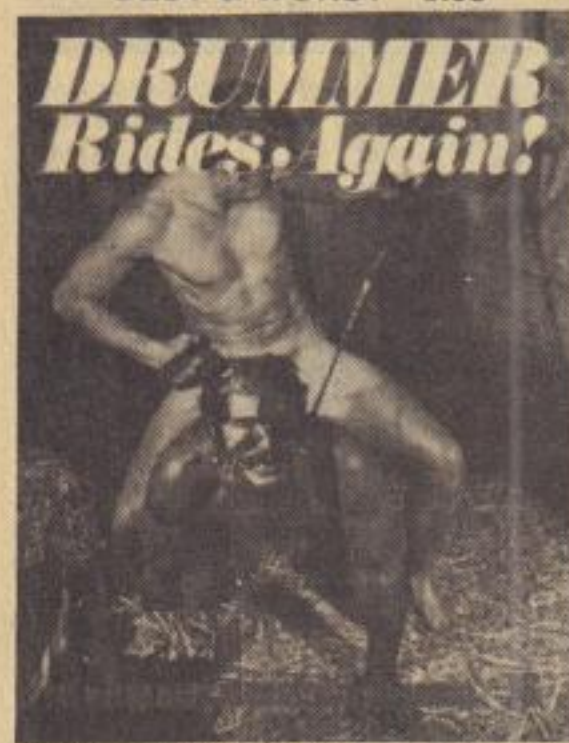
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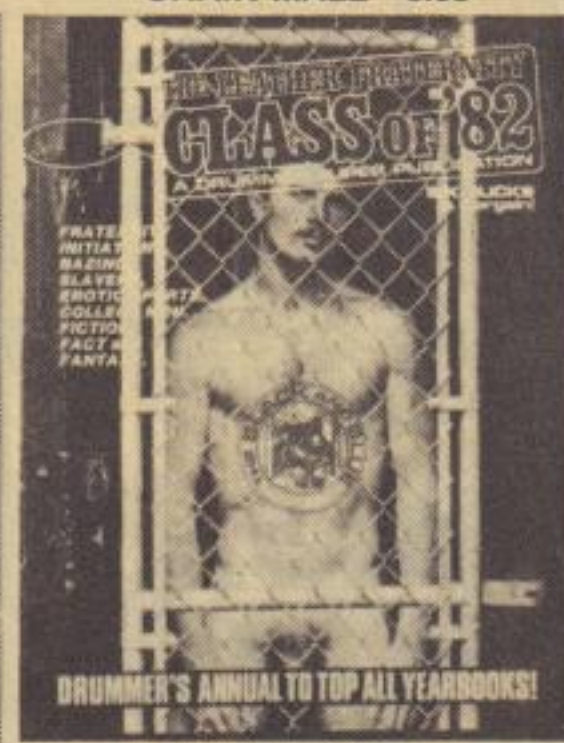
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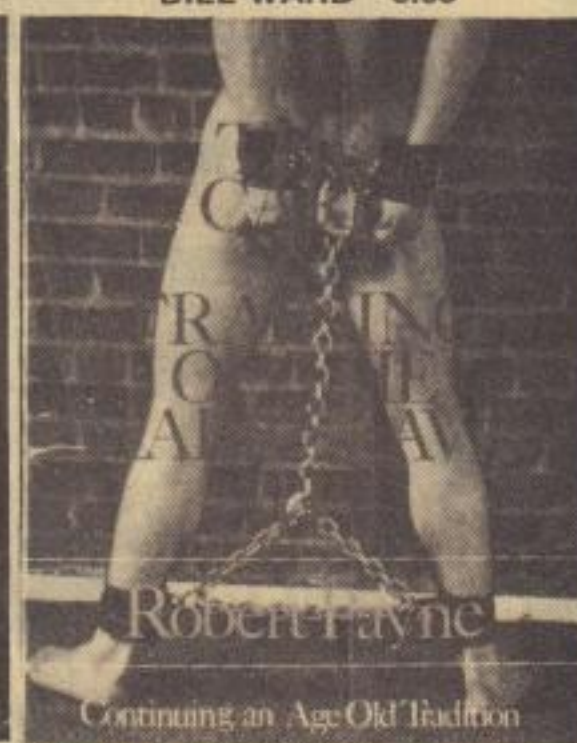
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NORTHERN JERSEY

W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems, or phonies. Box 291.

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TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village. Experienced S, W/m, 48, 5'9", 175 lbs. uncut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained) for long, hot sessions. Must have endurance, crave punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S/M, B/D, etc. No scat. My motto: sane S/M; intense, not brutal; erotic, not reckless; firm but affectionate. If your head is right, write appropriate letter now. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

ATTENTION SLAVES

Manhattan Master, 36, 6'4", 190 lbs with slave, 32, 6'3", 170 lbs. Both are muscular, blonde and attractive. You are also muscular and attractive and need to be trained and owned as a second slave. Applications without detailed resume and photo will not be considered. Box 673.

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26, 6'6", 205#, blond, smooth. Big hungry butt, throat

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NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

W/m, 5'7", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, hairy. Hot ass, wants to be bound & fucked. Also into B/D, W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M, enemas, polaroids, toys. Seeks patient & understanding topman to each and help me expand my limits. Must be 25-40, good body, attractive. Photo & phone appreciated. Box 3373.

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Hot, hndsm 28 W/m lkg for super hung studs. If you have enuf to satisfy me, I will satisfy you. Pic/ph# to: Box 519, DMS, 132 W. 24th, N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

W/M 36 145 LBS

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery. Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave. Box 3432.

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Submissive GWM, 39, 5'6", 130#, brown eyes, hair, mous, masculine, good looking with hot body and insatiable buns wants humpy u/40 patient master. Most scenes considered except scat or heavy pain. Your photo gets mine. Box 3361.

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

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Husky/heavy masters will serve boots feet, pits ass and cock love piss and humiliation. Take pictures of me groveling. Have big fat tits ass and tounge all waiting to serve one or more men. I am 300 lbs of begging mass. Call 212 663 5321 12 to 2 a.m. ask for Don work my tits and all is yours.

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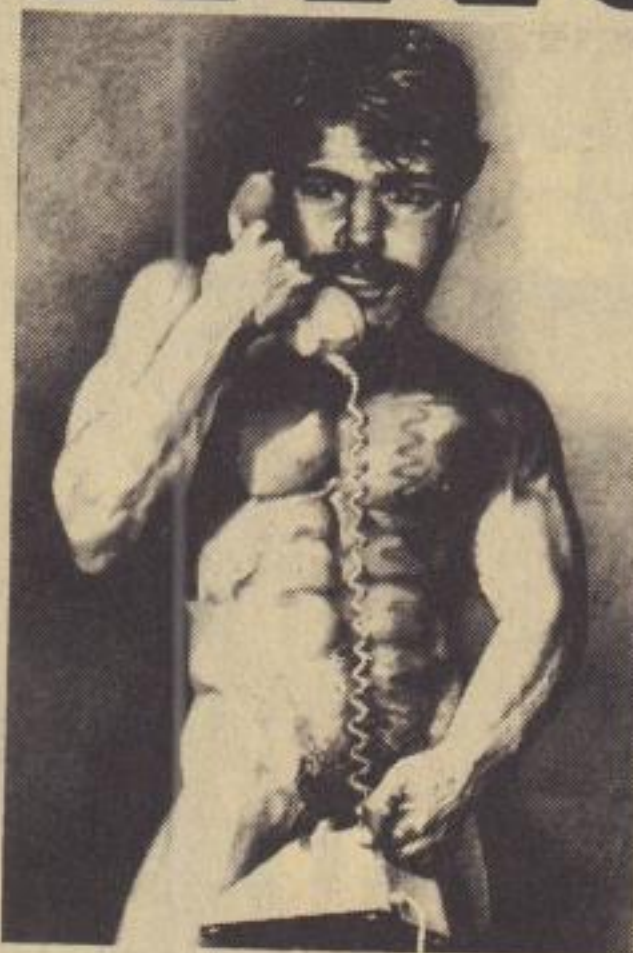
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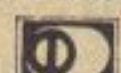
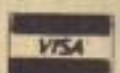
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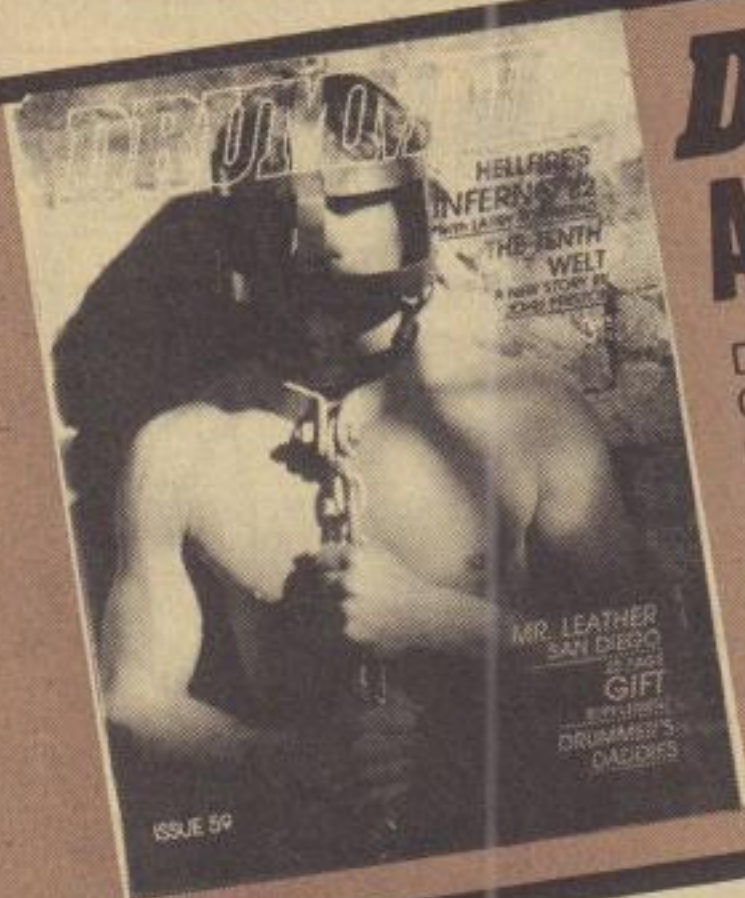
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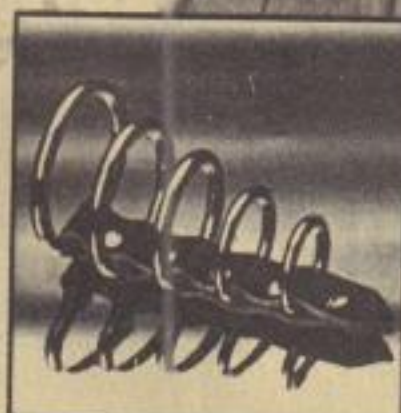
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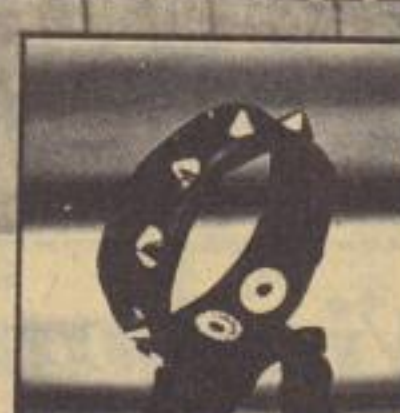
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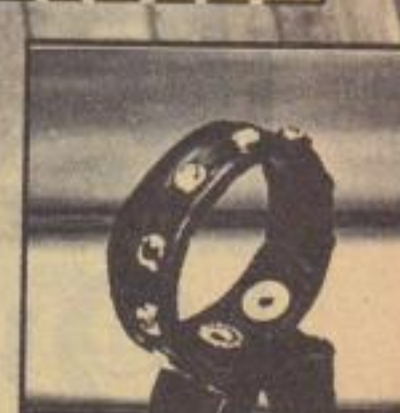
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With black master to stables NYC vicinity for heavy sex involving horse scat, golden shower. Provider may participate. Box 3331.

NYC AREA W/M LEATHERMAN

30, 5'7", 155 lbs. Seeks other leathermen into leathersex (must have black leather) up to 35. B/D and light S/M optional. All replies answered. P.O. Box 245, New York, New York 10008.

NEED AN OLD-FASHIONED SPANKING?

Am attractive, 36, 6' tall, 155 lbs; seek trim guy 18-36 to put over my knee. Will spank your butt till it's red and hot! Box 1316, FDR Sta., NYC 10150.

TOPMAN WANTED

Must be muscular, hung, dominate between 21 and 50. For white male 37. Eastern Suffolk New York. Box 3446.

NEED YOUR BUTT SPANKED?

Hot, handsome man ready to do it. Box 3485.

MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect. WM, 28, 5'4", 135, dk hr, brd, hry, musc, new to NYC, inexp but enth, sks WM 40+ top/master, brd, hry, (pref) musc for reg trng sessions. Spend 20 cents

and 10 minutes. I'm worth it. Box 3344.

NORTH CAROLINA**LEATHER HOT & TIGHT**

Warm piss drunk & given, tit action & wax torture. JO. Loud FF, WS, S&M. Two NC dudes hot for the tourist trade. Mid-thirties, goodlooking opposites: smooth/hairy. His face in your ass. Your cock in mine. My hand in yours. Playroom for serious hunks. Bathroom for yellow dogs. Basement for few. Visit the mountains, visit the Worlds Fair. Visit us. Box 1823.

OHIO**CLEVELAND**

29, 5'11", 150 lbs, hairy. I need a leather topman to expand my ass to its limits. WS, FF, TT, scat, possible piercing. No photo needed. I will surpass your expectations. Please include phone # in your answer for quickest response. Box 3156.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot, W/m med student-bodybuilder, 29, new in Cleveland, proud, masculine, muscled, hung and very dominant; seeks hot, masculine, bottom man or couples for friendship, long sweaty workouts, and possible permanent

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Tall husky hairy intelligent firm master 38 seeks young slave for safe and sane but inventive and demanding sessions. Fantasies punishment or discipline. Box 3489.

OKLAHOMA**OK CITY DADDY**

45, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes. SM, B&D, WS, shaving, and all other scenes considered. You name it, you get it. Phone-Photo to Box 2099.

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster 35 - 140 needs slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885. No phone j/o.

RODEO COWBOY

W, 5'10", 150 lbs, 25 yo, goodlooking, good body, seeks other cowboys to get it off in new tight fitten' 501 Levis, big silver buckles, leather chaps, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather, jeans, and boots. Need my tight buldging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115.

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Master has private 40 acre mountain forest with comfortable home, very well equipped barn training room and stone walled dirt floor dungeon. Slave will live in leather, uniform, and naked; be trained and built in body, mind and spirit. Prefer well defined, smooth body but right attitude and learning capability is more important. Master is hunky WM 5'10", 155. Photo mandatory with detailed application. Box 3302.

W/M— 35, 6', 160#

Fr a/p, Gr p, into W/S— seeks same 25-35 for wet times and hot action. Box 5973, Portland, OR 97228.

DOMINATE W/MALE

49, 6', 178#, hairy chested, wants to meet trim younger w/m interested in spread-eagled ass warming, restraint, and cock/tit/ball abuse but needs patience, direction, and guidance to handle getting there. Box 3452.

PENNSYLVANIA

WEIGHT LIFTER

Philadelphia, MS, Cancer, 43, 6'2", 210, white, 7" cock. Masculine Weightlifter

with 48" chest, 34" waist. Leather/levi motorcyclist. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 23.

SOUTH CENTRAL

W/M seeks buddies for mutual spanking and fucking. No heavy S/M. Limits respected. Send photo and description. Box 3459.

PHILA.—HARRIS.—BALT.

Hot, sexy, quality top, 34, good-looking, level headed, 43" ch, 32" w, 5'11" SOLID. Seeks special submissive bottom, 20-35 into S&M, B&D, C&BT, etc, yet together enough to accept my respect and affection. Photos appreciated. Box 3476.

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W/M 40 6'2"/180 cut looking for young son. He must want love and good home. Into long sex. He should be interested in bodybuilding, wishing to be in top competition, I will help you and relocate you. Write with photo. RAF, 1205 Jeter Ave, Bethlehem, PA.

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W/M 40, 5'10 1/2", 155#

Desires company with a real man that's into good hot sex. Like W/S, Active & Passive in all games. Have a lot of equipment for all types of games. No heavy drugs or feds. Bill Apt. 51 420 Welshwood Dr Nashville, TN 37211. 615-333-1635.

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W 5'10" 150 lbs, 25 yo, good body, seeks others into tight fitten' Levis or black leather pants, boots and cycle jacket. Lets get together and rub leather til its hot. Have cycle to travel. Photo in leather gets mine. Bx 3115.

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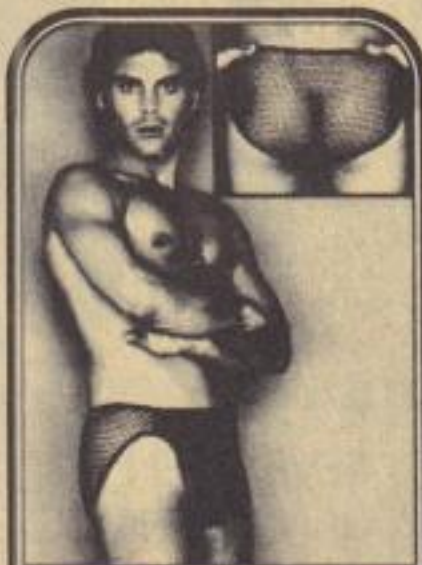
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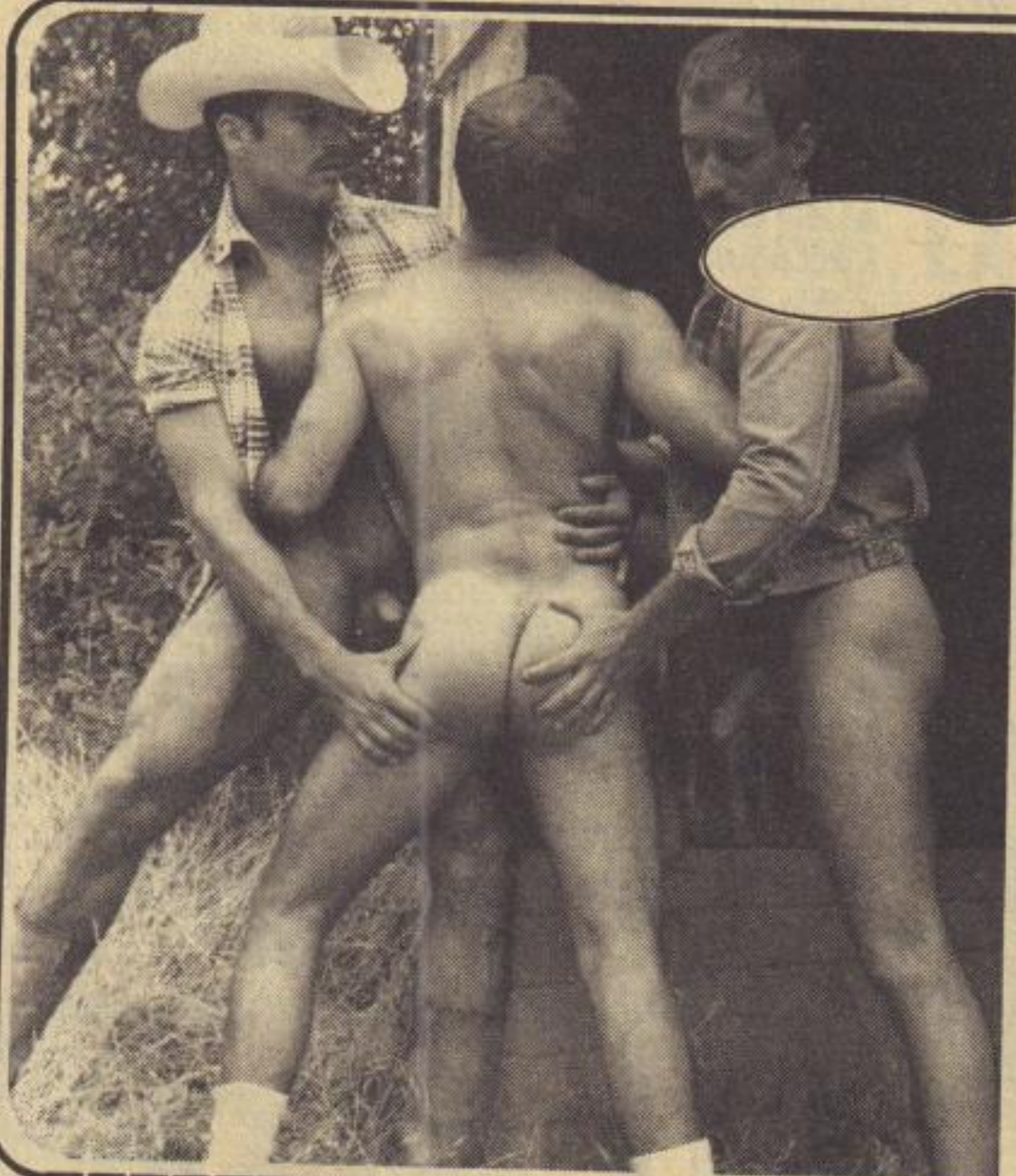
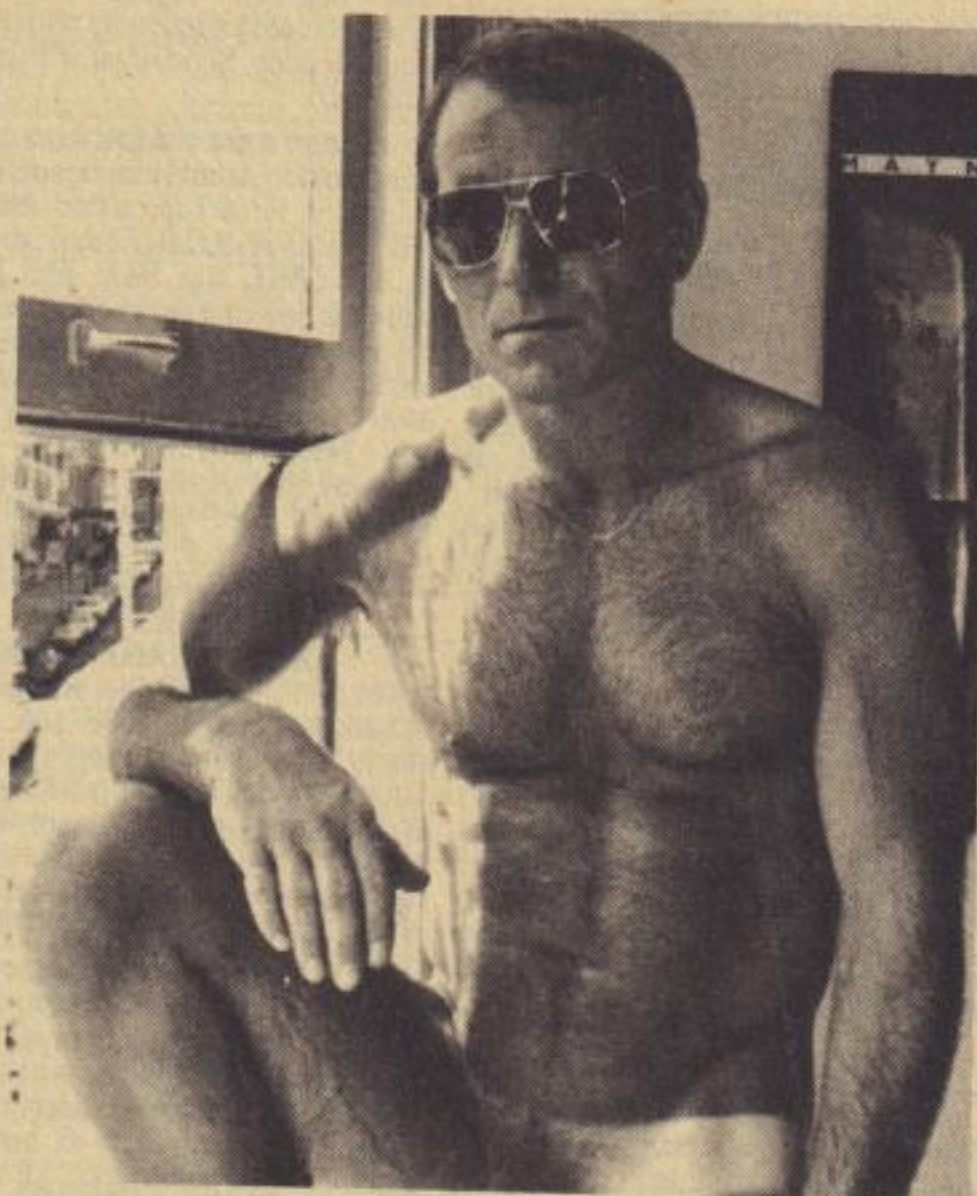
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WESTERN WASHINGTON

Goodlooking, trim & intelligent 32 yr old is looking for a Top or Dad. Me: 5'11", 150 lbs black/hazel, some experience in TT, C&BT, lite S&M and B&D, a beginner looking for more. You S/B—Bigger and older—gentle but firm. *Secure with yourself.* The man I trust and respect will get it all. I will respect you because you deserve it, not because you demand it. If you are in control of your life and able to take control of mine, drop a line. Box 3490.

WISCONSIN

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GWM 5'11", 43, 160 lbs. wants moustached masculine 20-35 son who is ready to be trained to serve his daddy. Total service, including S&M, CB&TT, W/S are required. If you are willing to be dominated, write complete letter of request. Phone number and proper photo assures answer. Box 3481.

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VERSATILE M

Toronto. M, Pisces, 5'10", 155, 40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55, who is versatile, respectful of limits, sense of humor. M has moderate experience, versatile, and into leather, toys, boots, Greek a/p, WS, bondage, discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, fems, drugs, scat. Box B19.

CALGARY M

24, 6', 160 lbs, smooth musc body seeking S into bondage discipline/humiliation, w/s, and whips. Have limited experience but am eager to learn. Boxholder Box 274, Station T, Calgary T2H 2G8.

ME—MONTREAL W/M

6'2", 180, br/br 8" uncut moustache, 47 look 35 Top but secure. You—6' slender W/M cop Bi, or the like. Head on straight. We—open to new ideas—Respect limits—Versatile—Long term not monogamous nor live in—Write with more details. Box 3458.

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Know anybody here? Dominating,

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GERMANY

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Wanted by experienced male 42, 5'11", 160, looking for pigs into mutual and top. Tit work, piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. Like oil, mud, grease, catheter, foot and boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285.

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ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

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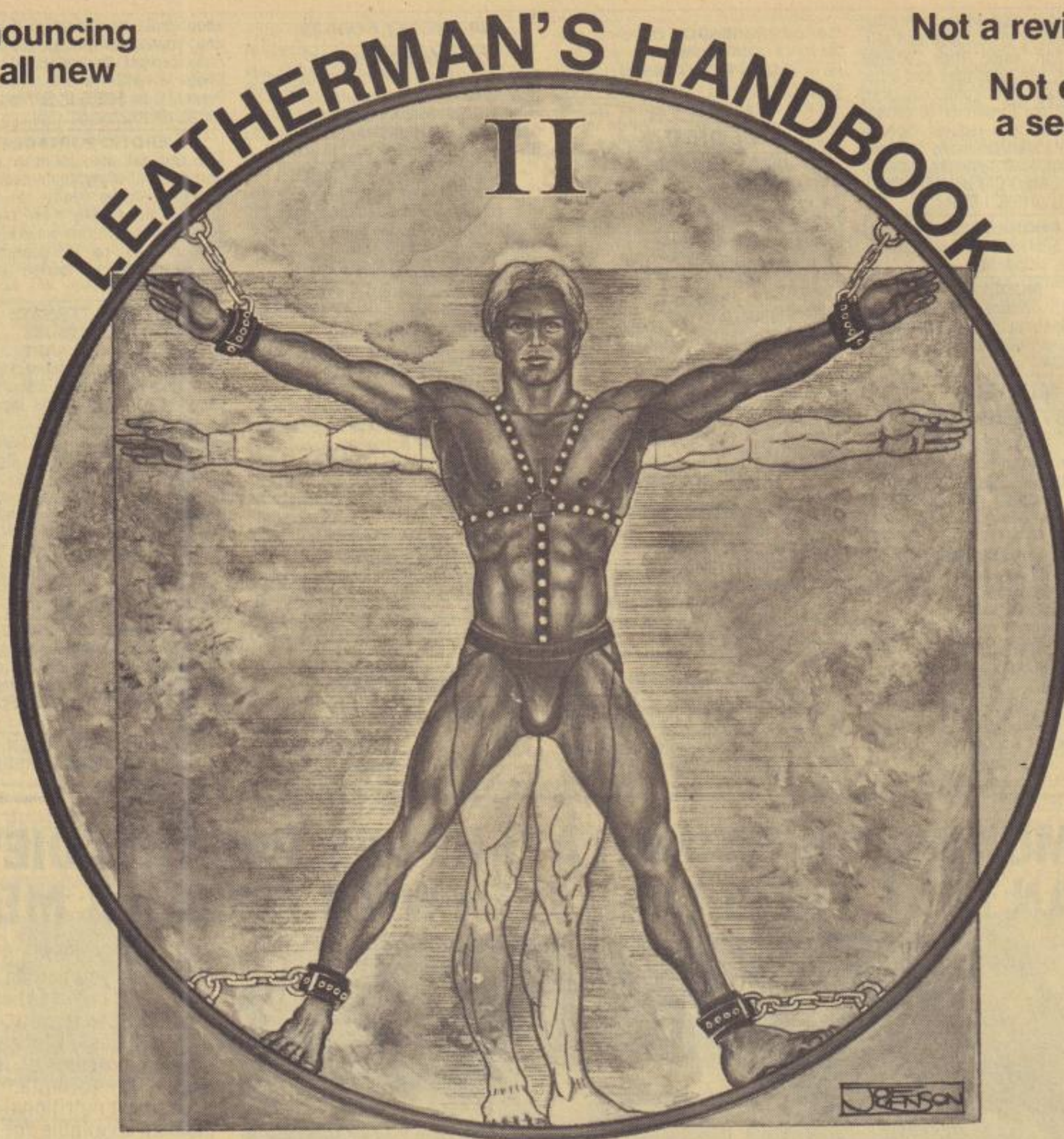
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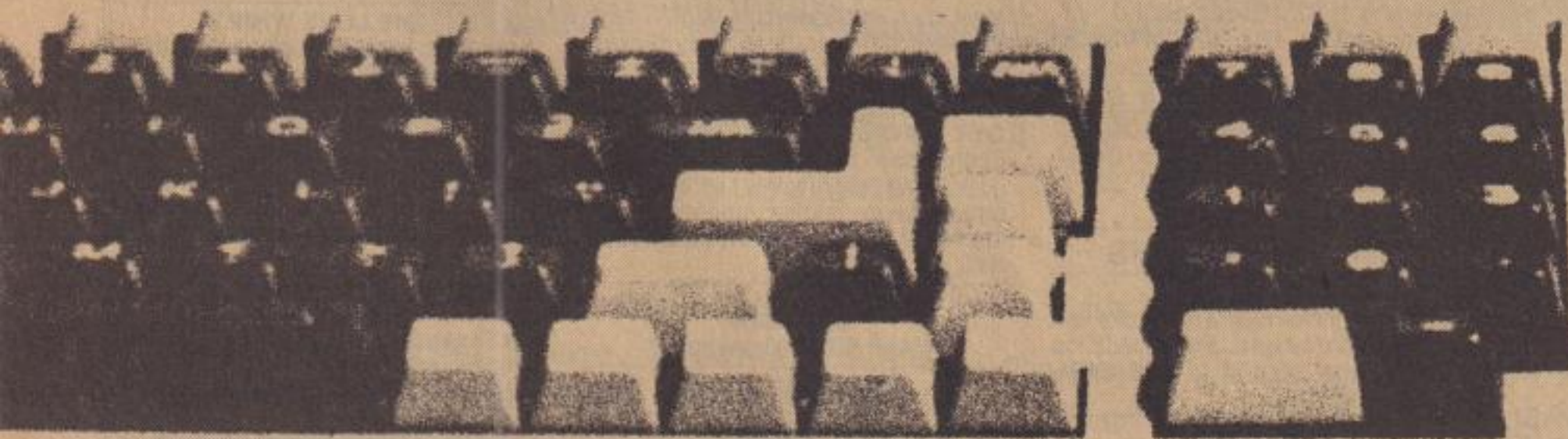
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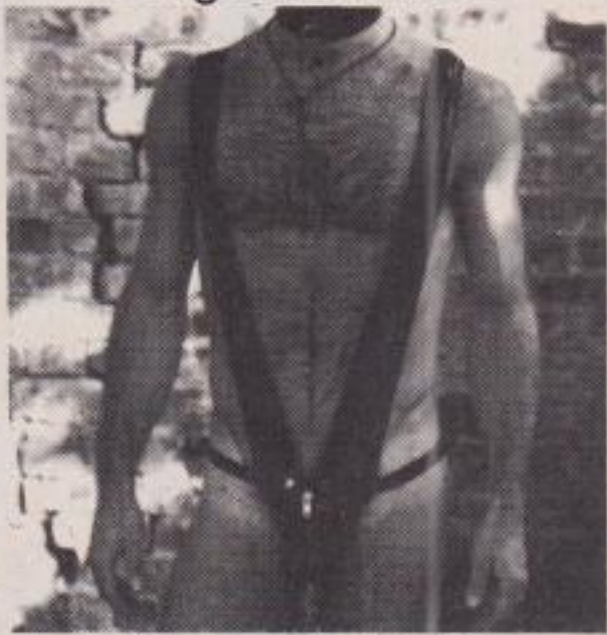






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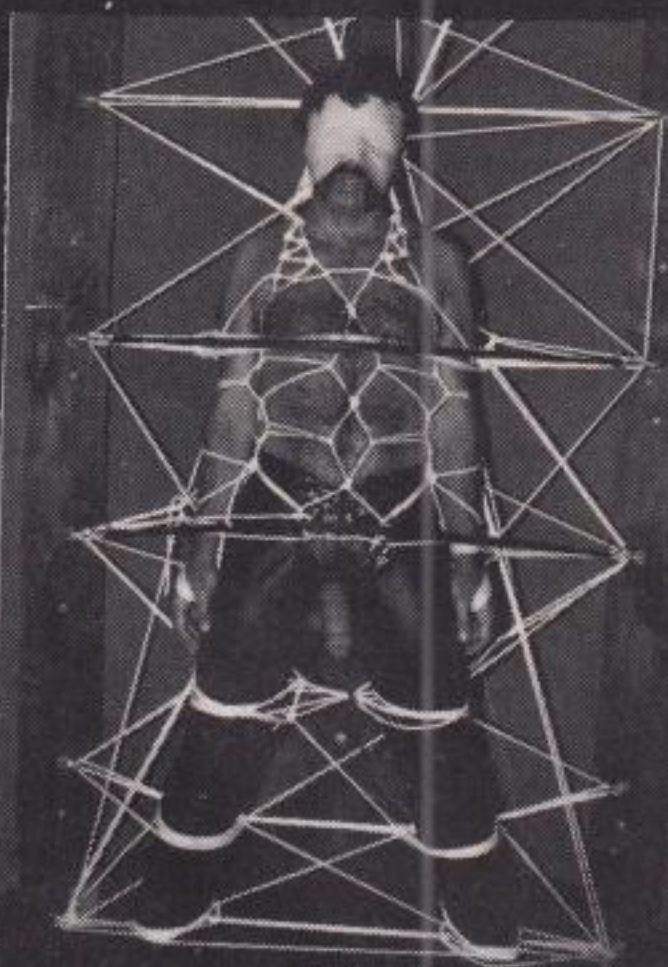
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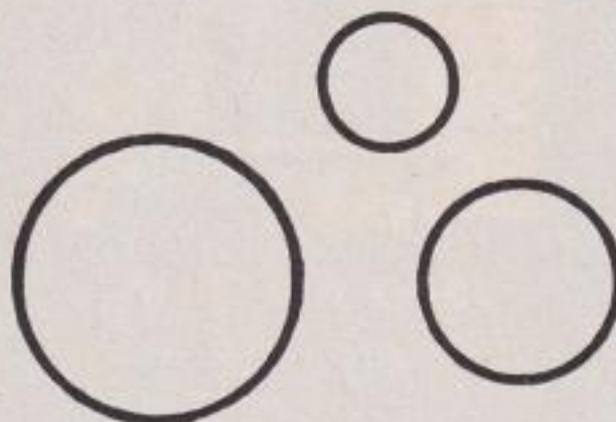
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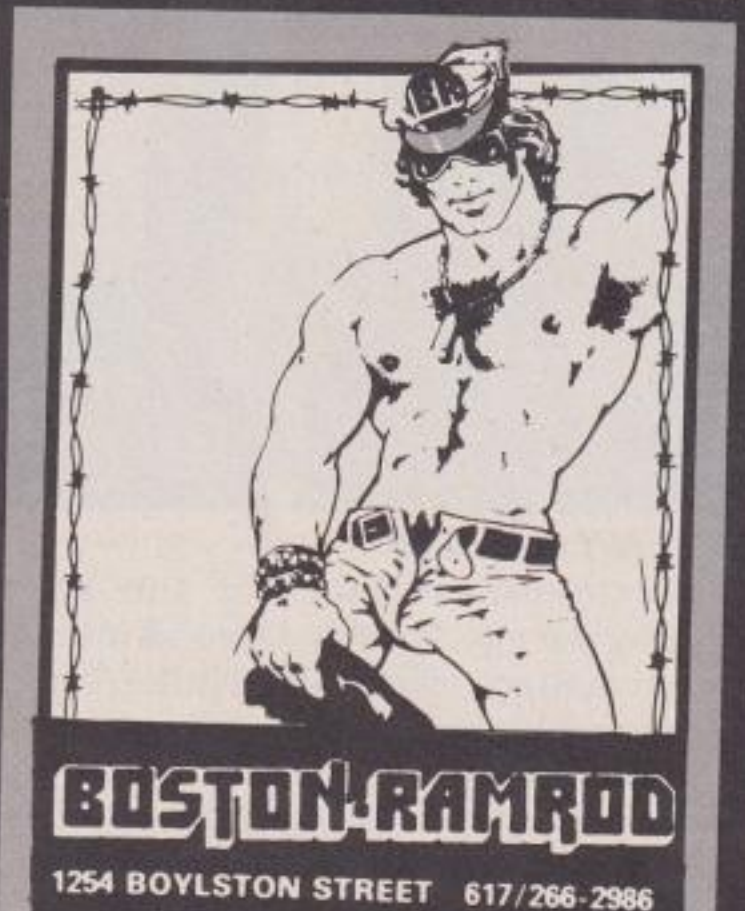
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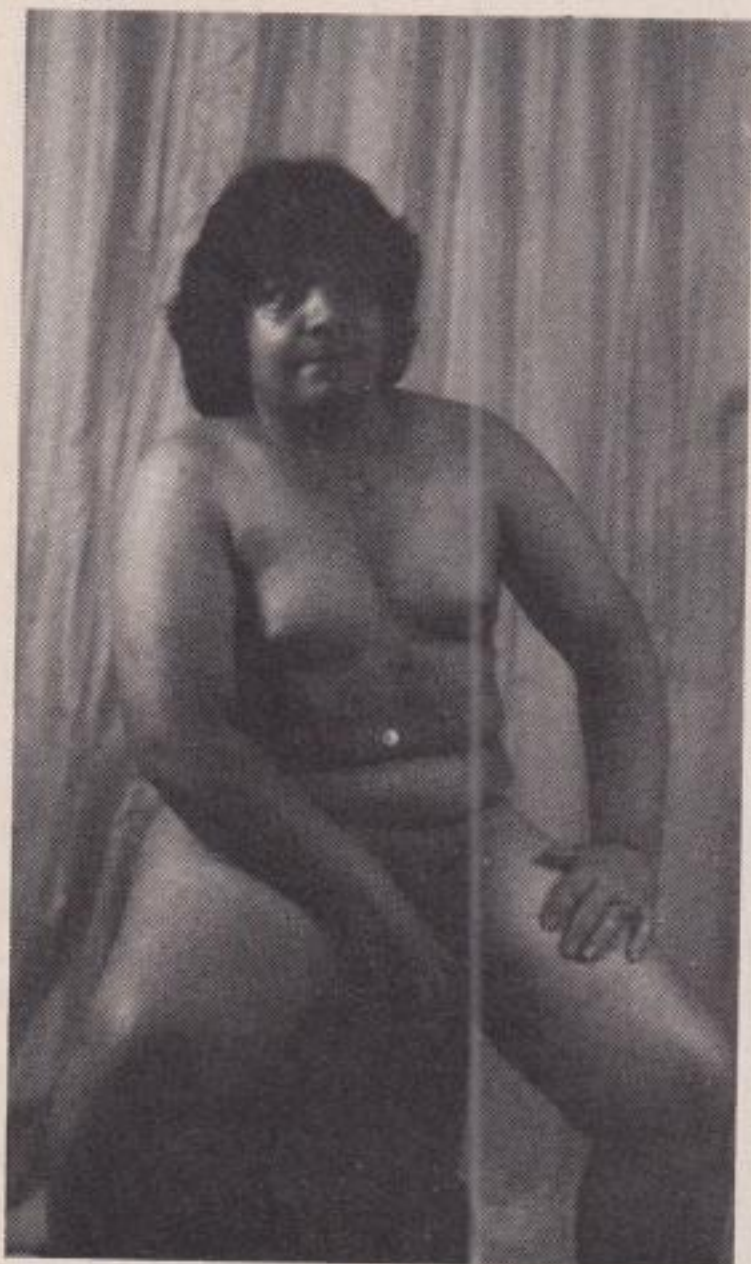
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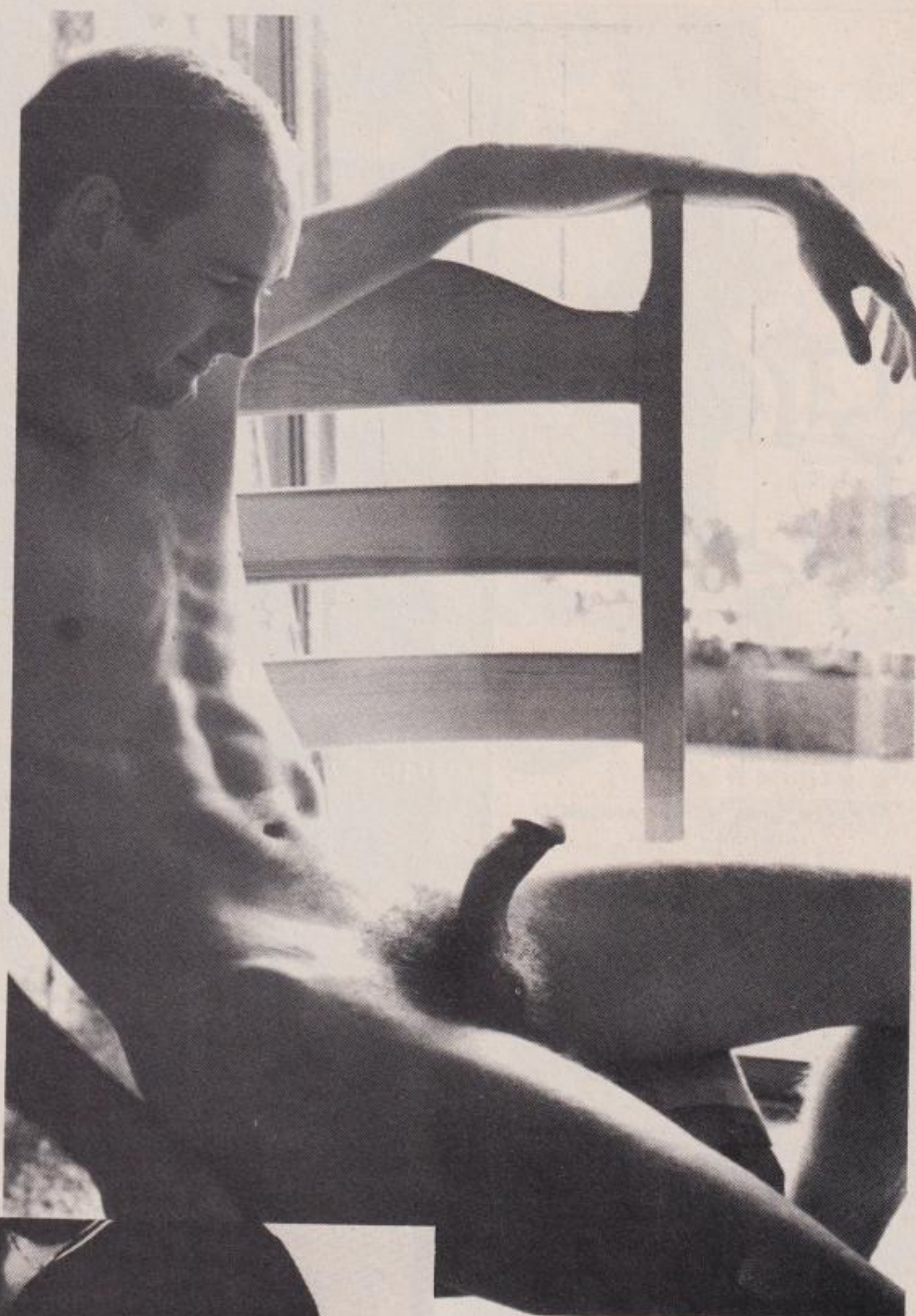
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(Continued from page 7)

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They are led by one particular team member, but soon the rest of the team is as vocal as he, and I am at the center of the verbal abuse.

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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Death is something that lives with us all of our lives. It never fails to affect us when we lose someone we love and respect.

The leather community has lost one of its "tall" men, a man whose character most men knew of by reputation while others felt it keenly— Roger F. Mayes.

Roger was a hustler, a man with a keen business acumen and could turn a buck, whether in RFM Products or in the local flea market. Most importantly, Roger was a leather man. His commitment to leather and the SM lifestyle was total.

On the 13th of November, he died in southern California in an automobile accident. Funeral services were held and his ashes were strewn in the Mojave Desert.

As I have said in the past, we are a very small group of men in the gay community and the death of any of us diminishes not only our number, but it lessens the example and unconscious leadership of those among us. Roger served as an example and his leadership would best be shown in his commitment. Roger was a topman of considerable experience and imagination. Every man, whether top or bottom, who knew him, or who heard of him, will miss him.

On a more traditional note. The Tar Heel State is emerging from the leather closet. I got a letter from B.Z. Jernigan, the president of the Dukes Levi Leather Club. He and Jack Edwards of Nashville, Tennessee, founded the club. Anyone interested in finding out about the club should write PO Box 2742, Durham, NC 27705. I recall some months ago that I called a North Carolina bar about placing an ad in DRUMMER. He told me that he wasn't about to do it. It seems that some time before he had placed an ad and a bunch of tall, hunky German leathermen showed up at the bar all decked out in their gear and within thirty minutes the local fuzz raided the bar. All those hot men in leather blew the cops' minds.

Well, guys, we're entering a new year. Gird your loins, or whatever you've got down there, and get ready for a year of better prospects and deeper relationships.

Leather and SM can be a lifestyle for those who really want it. It can remain a weekend or overnight affair. If you are looking for the total lifestyle, then you

have to work on it every day. For those of you who are looking for a partner in life, believe me he is out there looking for you. When you find him, just don't take him for granted.

Again, I hope you guys will use this column in the new year to let everyone know what is happening in your area of the country. I appreciate the fact that so many of you have written and expressed your feelings on the column.

About Oktoberfest next year in Munich. We are still trying to work out the mechanics. The date of departure may be moved up a couple of days in order to take advantage of the big European meet of leather men in Munich. I will keep you posted as I get more information.

Well, the reactionary *Detroit Free Press* managed to make an ass of themselves. They created a big flap over a planned slave auction. It was a charity affair which benefitted the *Detroit Opera*! There was a hue and cry over those poor young men who were going to be "forced" to have sex with the men who came up with the biggest bids. This shows the lack of understanding on the part of the newspapers since no one, but no one, is ever forced to submit in affairs of this sort. This type of repression inhibits the just good fun of these kinds of affairs as well as drying up money which might be forthcoming for charities. The community becomes more uptight, feeling that the media is out to get them. Everyone suffers. This year it's the *Detroit Opera*.

Marty Kiker, where are you? If you really want to see him, then drop in at the R&R in Detroit on February 11, 12, 13 when the leather community will be having their big gala. They will be choosing Mr. Leather, Detroit, during the weekend. Marty will be emceeing the event. Notwithstanding the above, yes, you can bring your slave to the R&R. Everyone is welcome and it should be a great weekend.

My Cleveland Connection will be keeping me apprised of the big events in the coming year with all of the clubs across the country. The Connection is one hot man who seems to have his hand into everything that's worth knowing. That doesn't mean you shouldn't write.

— Frank Hatfield



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(Continued from page 24)

too many times by con men, I've toughened up and lay my cards on the table right away.

Have been looking for right son or companion to come join the family. Prefer those that are young in heart more than age. 20 is OK, but find 30 or more know how to appreciate and share things in life. Have been looking for right mild slave to build life together for his future and success as well as helping around the house. Would want someone that would enjoy working and earn his own way to build up his self respect and image towards his father. Enjoy teaching positive attitudes and success philosophies with materials and knowledge not available anywhere else, learned from multimillionaire I worked for and with.

Bedtime is great with right one but isn't the whole 24 hour schedule. Working together on projects, customizing my van and on my beautiful Honda will keep us busy and compatible. Would like someone that is neat, trim on thin side, preferably uncut, seven or eight inches and nice feet with long toes and good odor but not raunchy. Enjoy good footplay, rubbing them together while guiding cocks to do likewise. Enjoy French both ways but really am Greek active.

No booze, drugs or long hair, but prefer swimmer's build or nice Macho man who is not a fem imitation woman. I love to give supprises for variety to keep life interesting. Have been writing *Drummer* advertisers as well as a few others looking for that right son or younger brother. Write giving full description and photo of yourself, what you like and want out of life as well as long bedtime cuddling sessions.

Dale P.
South Dakota

FIRM-HANDED DAD

I am over 40 and not interested in just a relationship. I want a son to love who is obedient, loving, and knows his place.

He doesn't have to be an adonis, but can expect to become one in time. I don't think a lot of the "me-generation" knows its place and should be shown the way with a firm hand.

He can expect to shape up or be treated like his ego requires I treat him. I will decide where he is going and how soon he will get there. There will be no discussion about his station in life.

My father was very strict and didn't spare the rod and spoil the child, and I am following in his footsteps.

Bill
Pennsylvania

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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

DIE SEHNSUCHT DES VERONIKA VOSS

No one really knew what to expect. Rainer Werner Fassbinder lived to complete his trilogy of films about Germany during the post war years of reconstruction that began with *The Marriage of Maria Braun*. This first film earned him an Academy Award nomination for Best Foreign Film and secured his reputation at the top of the international cinema. But for over a decade Fassbinder had been lauded by film critics and film festivals for his striking vision. This trilogy, dealing with a still-sensitive issue among contemporary West Germans, treated with Fassbinder's iconoclastic verve, was portentous from the beginning.

Then came *Lola*, the centerpiece of the trilogy, a film shot in vivid pastels, structured to reflect the shape and designs of the Adenauer years, a film in which petty crimes take on the proportions of tragic myths.

Veronika Voss is the crown of the trilogy. Time has advanced to 1955. The place is Munich. An aging, but still rav-

ishingly beautiful, woman watches a film of herself in a suburban movie theatre. The woman on the screen is one of the legends of the cinema of the war years. In this film from her past she plays a drug addict near death. It is too painfully real and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she flees the cinema. In a park, in the rain, a passing stranger offers her the protection of an umbrella. She laughs, and the mystery begins.

The man, Robert, a sports writer for a local newspaper, escorts her to a tram. The brief moment of a seemingly romantic encounter is broken; she is afraid the other passengers will recognize her. She becomes frantic. Again she flees. Robert is clearly taken with this phantom, this unearthly beautiful apparition.

She calls him, unexpectedly, and asks him to meet her at a restaurant. In one of the film's most remarkable scenes, set in a striking restaurant that is filled with columns of white marble and expansive

staircases, we watch this woman enchant, delude, deceive and mystify the reporter. She chides him for perhaps not recognizing her when they first meet. She calls up some internal shadow of past glory and tells him, "I am Veronika Voss." Again she vanishes.

But Robert has learned a little more about her in this film of discovery. He begins to trace down her past. A former celebrated actress with the German UFA studios, Veronika may have collaborated with the Nazis; her marriage seems to have ended in ruins; her career over, she turned to drink and drugs. As Robert unearths each secret, stepping further and further down a path that leads to an unescapable conclusion, *Veronika Voss* moves breathlessly from one extraordinary configuration to another. Fassbinder's uncanny use of metaphor and composition becomes as fascinating to watch as this sorrowful tale of emotional collapse. Like the characters—because it is easy to predict



what will happen to Veronika as we see her past catch up with her present—we are left only to witness, to see this drama played out to its conclusion.

Again Veronika presents herself to Robert, this time by waiting for him at his door when he returns with his live-in lover. With the arrogance of a queen, Veronika invites Robert to spend the night with her. He follows, leaving his housemate standing submissively on the stairs.

In Veronika's house their relationship takes on its eeriest guise. She leaves him amid the cloth-covered statues and furnishings to change into an elaborate gown from some bygone era. She

phor is the incessant background noise of American pop music that is beamed over the airwaves. Fassbinder sometimes layers sounds over sound in a way that lets each stay identifiable but lets the sum surround and grate at the edges of his characters.

Where the American soldiers in *Maria Braun* were good, if alien, guys, here they are reduced to a single stereotypical image, a Black soldier who deals drugs for this doctor of dubious credentials. But Fassbinder's sensibilities do not run to the racial slur. There is no clandestine alleyway, no jive, no be-bop, no individual condemnation. The soldier is only a metaphor. He does not originate

is not enough, retelling a story based on the real life of German actress Sybille Schmitz, whose tragedy, mirroring Veronika's, Fassbinder uncovered while searching for the retired actress for a role in one of his films. He creates an entire landscape of intrigues: the doctor, now firmly established as a nefarious character; the American soldier trafficking in drugs; the public health official who conspires to procure the possessions of the doctor's slowly-dying patients; the newspaperman who risks his relationship for one insane affair with the ghost of the past—each weaving in and out of the others along with a very linear storyline with few flashbacks.

Veronika Voss is filmed in breathtaking black and white, but quite unlike anything that has come before it. Rather than the deep shadows and sharp demarcation of film noir, Fassbinder has taken brilliant white frames and let shadows gently nudge their surface edges, never hampering the surface ability to reflect back scenes filled near to overflowing with a plastic, unwarming light. But in the white there is a softness that envelopes everything. Surfaces are clean; even the cluttered house of Veronika has about it an austere museum quality. Characters, and their emotions, are allowed no dark recesses into which they can escape; everything must be witnessed, painfully, on its surface.

Veronika, while based on an actress that was known as "The German Garbo," looks amazingly like Marlene Dietrich, especially in a particularly evocative scene in which she stands at a grand piano and sings "Memories are made of this..." in a classically German-accented English. But then Fassbinder designed *Veronika Voss* to play on the mystique of nostalgia; his tribute to an era in German history also becomes an homage to an era in German cinema. The faces, the stylizations, the wide-ranging cinematic devices for fades, scene changes, and dissolves are lifted, part and parcel, from hundreds of films made during the 1950s. The structure of *Veronika Voss*, patterned from his adoration of Douglas Sirk, vibrates with its crystalized realization.

Veronika Voss is Fassbinder's most beautiful film, from beginning to end. It is conceived like a jewel, where the viewer peers through hard-polished facets towards a transparent, but nonetheless solid core. *Veronika Voss* is a flawless gem, highly polished, brilliantly displayed against a backdrop that could tarnish the hardest of jewels. While the trilogy itself surpasses even Fassbinder's epic intention, *Veronika Voss* is, unquestionably, his masterpiece.

— John W. Rowberry



bewitches him with candlelight and wine, her conversation partly a stream of consciousness from the past, partly a mocking seduction scene. After they have made love, each wrapped in sheets like funeral shrouds, Veronika goes into convulsions. Weeping, trembling, doubled-over in physical pain, she tells him to take her to her doctor. He does, and when he is denied the privilege of seeing her through the night, sleeps in his car downstairs.

By now the mystery includes the doctor, a cold, aloof woman Robert has already encountered in his search for Veronika's past, and a second level to the plot emerges.

The world of *Veronika Voss* is one of a culture in shock. The Germany of 1955, after nearly a decade of allied occupation, is a jarring combination of textures, native and foreign, that breed contempt. Fassbinder's most obvious meta-

the value system. He, like post-war Germany, inherited it and fulfills it to the best of his ability. The doctor, the concentration camp refugees she preys on, Robert, even Veronika herself—none are individual characters Fassbinder wishes to judge; it is the society that spawned them he condemns.

Veronika beckons Robert a third time to watch her do a small part in a film that will, according to her delusions, mark her comeback. She can not maintain. The simple scene causes a physical collapse. As Robert watches, Veronika's former husband steps out of the shadows and insists that she be rushed to her doctor's care. Afterwards it is the husband who reveals the final mystery to Robert—Veronika is a morphine addict. Robert hears his version of what happened to Veronika Voss during her fall from grace.

But it turns out for Fassbinder that this



EXCLUSIVE DRUMMER EXCERPT

Shaved, Pierced & Tattooed

Photo Gauntlet/PFI Quarterly

Three very different subjects that often go hand in hand: genital shaving, piercing and tattooing. Throughout history, all three have semi-cult status as fetishes, yet huge cult followings. Tattooing is nearly as old as man himself; genital shaving is a religious practice in some cultures, as is piercing. The following excerpts are from a forthcoming book, *Shaved, Pierced & Tattooed*, and are a random sampling from all three categories.

PIERCING WITH A PRO

Jim Ward/Gauntlet

Piercing of the male genitals for erotic, and even non-erotic, reasons has been practiced for thousands of years and is still customary in many primitive cultures throughout the world. Modern, so-called civilized man is finally discovering the sensual enhancement which body and genital piercing can afford.

But what are the qualities that make a good piercer and go into the making of a good piercing? First, cleanliness. This means that the piercer sees to it that his clothing and body, especially his hands, are spotlessly clean. He makes certain the area in which he works is likewise immaculate and that every piece of equipment he uses is absolutely sterile. Piercing needles, forceps, jewelry, even piercing cocks should be sterilized. For

new items which have never been used before, boiling, soaking in antiseptic solution, and/or coating with an antibiotic ointment is sufficient; however, any object which has penetrated the skin or come in contact with blood or other body secretions should be autoclaved, processed for twenty minutes in a pressure cooker, or, at the very least, passed slowly through an open flame. Only by doing so can all harmful organisms be destroyed.

This concern for cleanliness goes hand in hand with the second quality of a good piercer, responsibility. No responsible piercer will attempt to do a piercing while under the influence of alcohol or drugs. He is also wise to refuse to do work on someone who is drunk or drugged.

To do a good piercing within the context of a sex or SM scene can be very difficult, and where possible should be avoided. Lighting in such situations is often inadequate, and the presence of non-sterile lubricants, plus sweat, spit, and other body secretions make contamination of the piercing extremely easy. The responsible piercer is aware of these pitfalls and will proceed with extreme caution and care.

Another aspect of responsibility is in choosing the most suitable device for inserting into the piercing to keep it

open during the healing period.

The third quality of a good piercer is knowledge. He knows what he is doing and why. He knows where to place a piercing for maximum sensation. He knows the principles of hygiene and sterilization and applies them.

The person contemplating having a piercing is advised to look for these three qualities, to insist upon them, and to avoid anyone who does not possess them.

THE PRINCE ALBERT

Doug Malloy

This most functional penile attachment was named after Queen Victoria's consort, Albert. Known for his manliness and concern for his queen, he was an ambitious man, handsome and fecund, who would do anything for his monarch.

Born in 1819, he wooed Victoria and married her in 1840 when he was 21 years old. They produced eight children, most of whom became attached to the royal houses of Europe. Albert was literally a maker of kings. The marriage of Victoria and Albert endured until his death in 1861.

From all indications Albert was greatly influenced and was a great admirer of Beau Brummel, a gay, effete bachelor of the previous generation. They were not



contemporaries and there is no evidence the two ever met, yet Brummel appears to have been the instigator of the piercing which bears Albert's name. Between approximately 1815 and 1820 Beau Brummel reigned supreme in style-conscious circles. Though a man without visible funds, he circulated through the social world of his day displaying the wares of and dropping the name of his probable patron and benefactor, Jonathan Barlow, one of London's leading haberdashers.

Fashion of the period dictated very tight trousers for men. They were usually buff-colored, crotch binding, and often had straps which went under the instep to keep them taut and foldless. Propriety allowed only a vague outline of the manly endowments to be displayed. To achieve this diminution a dress accessory called a haberdasher's or dressing ring was worn in a piercing through the underside of the urethra just behind the penis head. Using this ring the penis could be held securely against the upper leg, left or right, depending on the gentleman's preference. Trousers were fitted accordingly and were made without pockets and usually opened on the side. Needless to say, urination presented something of a problem, all for the sake of vanity.

While no concrete evidence exists to substantiate the rumor, Prince Albert is reputed to have bowed to the dictates of fashion embodied by Beau Brummel by having a dressing ring installed. This was probably done c.1842-3 when he was 25 years old. Soon, of course, the social grapevine was buzzing with the news. Some of the gossip magazines of the day proclaimed Albert's acquisition, and soon London's haberdashers were urging their customers to follow suit. The young dandies and social climbers seem to have lost little time in doing so. It was an era of extremes in style for both men and women. Tight, constricting clothes were all the rage. The even tighter peg-top style trousers came into favor. Before long these fashions reached New York, complete with dressing ring, and remained popular until the outbreak of the Civil War. In time the tight fitting trousers gave way to looser styles and the need for the dressing ring ceased.

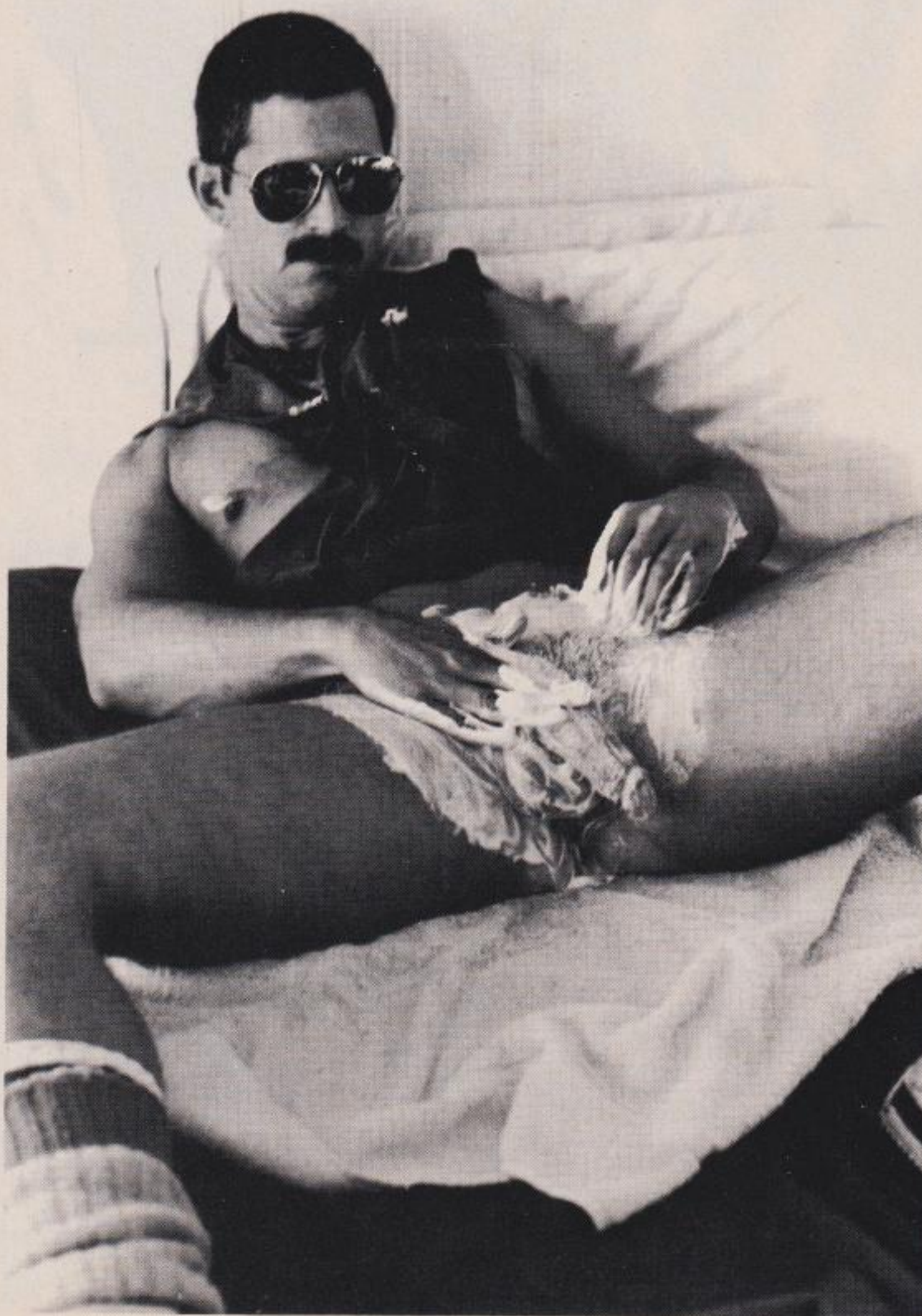
But life is cyclic and something as functional as the Prince Albert rarely dies out completely. In time it may assume other functions, thus enjoying a revival. Until fairly recently within the Soviet Union, it was not acceptable for a male ballet dancer to display his genitals by even so much as a slight bulge in his tights. The male performer was considered sexless or at most androgynous. I have it on good authority that for perhaps the last 25-30 years male ballet

dancers, in much the same way as our Victorian predecessors did, used the equivalent of a Prince Albert to bind the penis to the leg so as to render it invisible. Study the pictures of Nijinsky and you will note no visible evidence of genitalia. A Prince Albert held them securely in place, but it did not inhibit his fantastic leaps.

Dancers have found other interesting uses for the versatile Prince Albert. During the days of vaudeville there was a scandalous nude revue which shocked Paris and every town it played in America. It was originally called "Elysian Fields" (the name was later changed) and toured many burlesque houses

throughout the States. Each town where it appeared imposed its own variety of censorship, often forcing the dancers to perform behind a scrim. The ballerinas wore angel wings, the men only fig leaves held firmly in place despite vigorous dancing, leaps and jetes by a Prince Albert. At the climax of the piece a clever disconnect mechanism allowed the leaves to fall, revealing the "Greek gods," emancipated and free, as the curtain fell on a classic pose.

The versatile Prince Albert was my own point of entry into the world of piercing, though it was used for a very different purpose. I was nineteen, between my freshman and sophomore



years of college. For the summer months I had been chosen to work with a team of shallow water divers examining harbor pilings for marine worms. These were the days before the wet suits used by scuba divers today. The suits we wore were of rubber and rubberized canvas. Being new to the profession I had some problems to solve. I was paid a good salary, but only for the time I was actually underwater. That was fine, but I discovered that being underwater produces a frequent need to urinate. If I got out of the water to relieve myself I lost money, and one didn't dare foul those old-style suits. What to do? I tried one of those rubber urinals designed for incontinent male invalids, but it chafed

terribly. Finally in desperation I asked one of the regular divers what their secret was. They, too, used the male urinal, but with a difference. Instead of holding the device in place by means of straps, it was attached to a small ring worn in a piercing on the underside of the cock head. Not wanting to be left out, I was most anxious to acquire one of these rings. I soon discovered that not only was it functional for my diving work, but that it provided a wonderful sensation as well. It was several years later when I was a graduate student that I finally discovered the name of this delightful genital attachment: the Prince Albert.

Shortly after World War II I disco-

vered another interesting use for this versatile piercing. A doctor friend who was an orthopedist working within the athletic world made the revelation. It is well known that many body builders have been tragically underendowed in the cock department and often pose wearing a codpiece to give the illusion of abundant genital development. Try as they might, no amount of physical training could fully compensate for their lack. One bodybuilder and Mr. Universe titalist decided to do something about his own inadequacy in this department.

The tissue through which the Prince Albert passes is rather sensitive. While this tissue is also tough, piercing it is usually a fairly simple process, especially with proper equipment, and not especially painful. After healing, the piercing itself can sustain pulling a weight without pain or tearing. Under constant moderate tension, some types of tissue will lengthen in an effort to relieve that pressure. This is seen most dramatically in the neck elongation, ear lobe and lip stretching of certain primitive cultures. The same principle can be and has been used to lengthen the penis. Our Mr. Universe started with a Prince Albert. An elastic band similar to a garter was attached at one end to the ring in the piercing and at the other to his upper leg, exerting constant tension on the penis. Over a period of time there was a permanent increase in the length of this organ. I have personally seen examples where underendowed men have gained 1½" of length in this manner.

In India some of the mendicant fakirs, using a slightly different method, have successfully stretched the penis to lengths of 2 and 3 feet, though at this extreme the organ becomes very thin and ceases to be functional. These individuals wind the cock around their waists and will display themselves in an effort to solicit alms. Be that as it may, moderate stretching can provide not only greater endowment, but greater confidence as well. Kept within moderation, the procedure will not effect the man's ability to achieve erection.

There is one therapeutic application of the Prince Albert; there are others. Some years ago while visiting the Mediterranean I was pleased to discover my old friend the Prince Albert being worn by the fishermen of southern Italy. An Italian friend who is a medical doctor informed me that in fact it is not uncommon among this group. The reason for the device, he told me, is an almost universal delight among Italian males in the fondling of one's penis, from which practice they seem to derive assurance and confidence. While no evidence exists that the Italian dictator Benito



Mousilini had a Prince Albert, newsreel footage exists showing *Il Duce* fondling his cock through a hole in his pants pocket, a practice he indulged in to gain confidence, particularly when the need to make a decision arose.

Other therapeutic uses for the Prince Albert are still in the experimental stage. It has been suggested and some initial research indicated that this ring can be used as a point of mental focus, alone or with hypnosis, to overcome obesity. Attached by means of a chain or string to the pants pocket, the Prince Albert can be tugged or fondled at times when the obese individual craves food. In this way his mind can be diverted away from his hunger. While my research in this area is still scant, I hope in the future to extend it.

Ultimately, of course, the Prince Albert is for sex. It doesn't matter which kind, hetero or homo; the mechanical stimulation it provides can be greatly rewarding to both partners. Those who have never tried this particular device might do well to consider it. Unlike a tattoo, a piercing need not be with you always. The ring can be removed for a period of time, then later reinserted. Also men who suffer from impotence or lack of penis sensitivity often report an improvement in sexual function after the installation of a Prince Albert.

In conclusion, I encourage my readers to ponder this delightful invention. If you lack a Prince Albert, consider one. If you have one already, try fondling it the next time you have to make a difficult decision or if you are trying to lose weight and need to divert your attention from food. Regardless of how you use it, enjoy it. If you let it, it can give you a lifetime of pleasure.

THE SAFETY RAZOR

by Terrance Sagan

I like shaving myself, especially before I go for a night of prowling. It's a turn on to see the reactions I get from men who reach down to grope my cock and find a smooth patch of skin around my pole. To feel someone's mouth working on the base of my hairless cock, sucking in my smooth balls, tonguing my skinned asshole; it's a rush.

I get off while I'm shaving, too. The feel of the soap or creme in my crotch makes my dick hard—which is good, because it's easier to shave without nicking yourself if you have a hard-on.

I use a safety razor. Straight razors are a visual turn-on, but tricky, and should be used only by experienced hands. Also, a safety razor is faster.

I start by coating my crotch, cock, balls and asshole with a moisturizing lotion about three or four hours ahead of time, letting it soak into my skin.

When I'm ready to shave I do it in front of a mirror. I like to watch the razor sheer off the hairs. I don't wipe off the lotion, but just rub the shaving creme in with it. I keep the hot water running in the sink or the bathtub, because the lotion and the creme and hair clog up the razor fast, and it constantly has to be rinsed off.

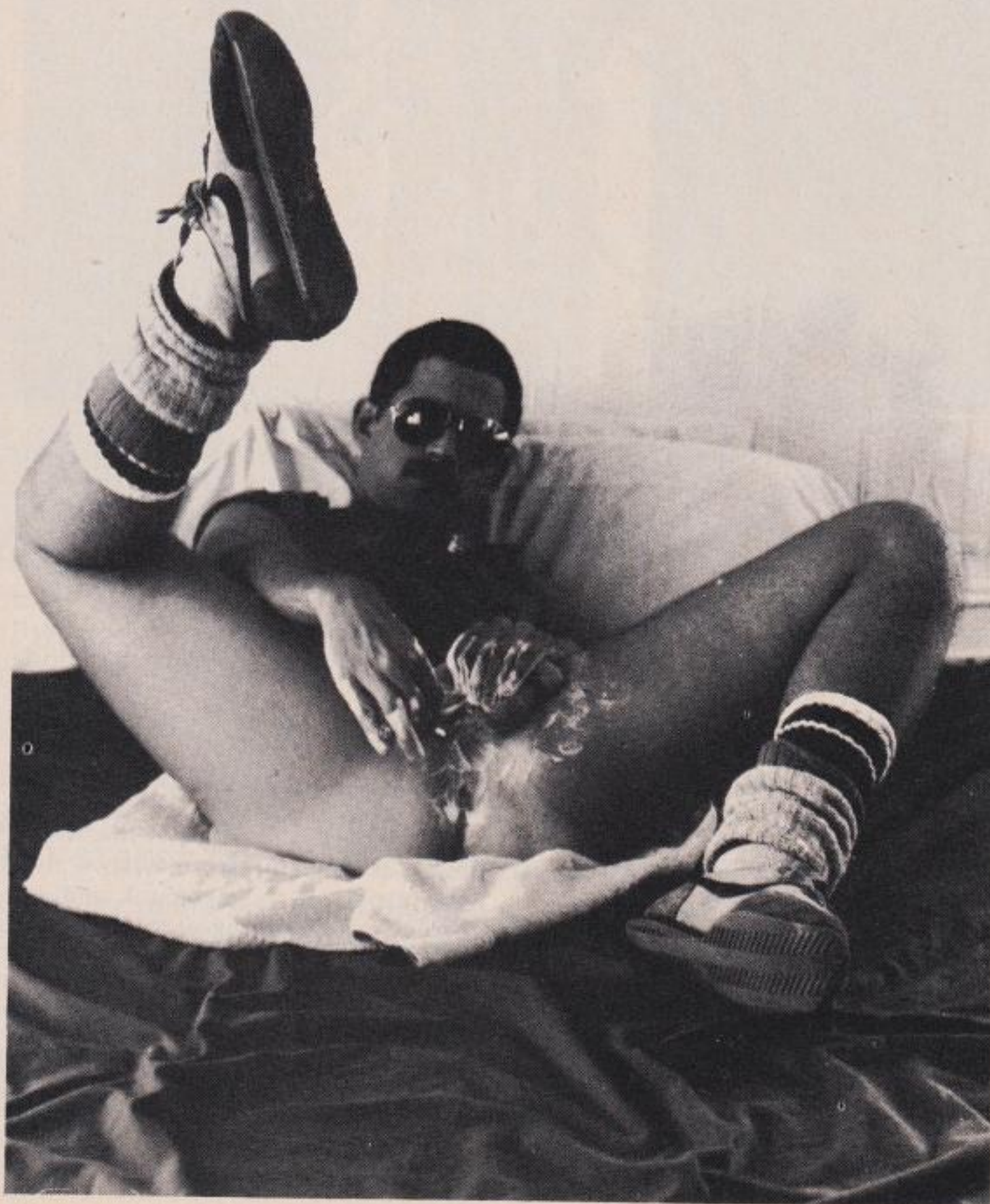
There are two great places to shave in the bathroom, on the side of the tub or on the toilet. With a mirror leaning against the wall across from me, I spread my legs and go to work.

First, off come the hairs in my crotch, down to the base of my cock. Strokes aimed straight down are easy and produce less stubble. Then the balls, lifting

the bag up and grasping it with one hand, forcing the skin to tighten over the testicles, I scrape away the hairs, working my way back toward the underside of my cock—which is usually rock hard by now. Then come the hairs around the base of my dick, gotten off by bending the shaft in all directions.

The hair under my balls is next. I spread my legs and bring them up—the mirror comes in real handy. Then the hair around my asshole; again, using the mirror as a guide.

When I'm finished, I rinse off in warm water (hot water irritates the newly-shaved skin), dry off, and put another coating of lotion on the feshly-shaved, baby's-ass-smooth skin, and work it in.



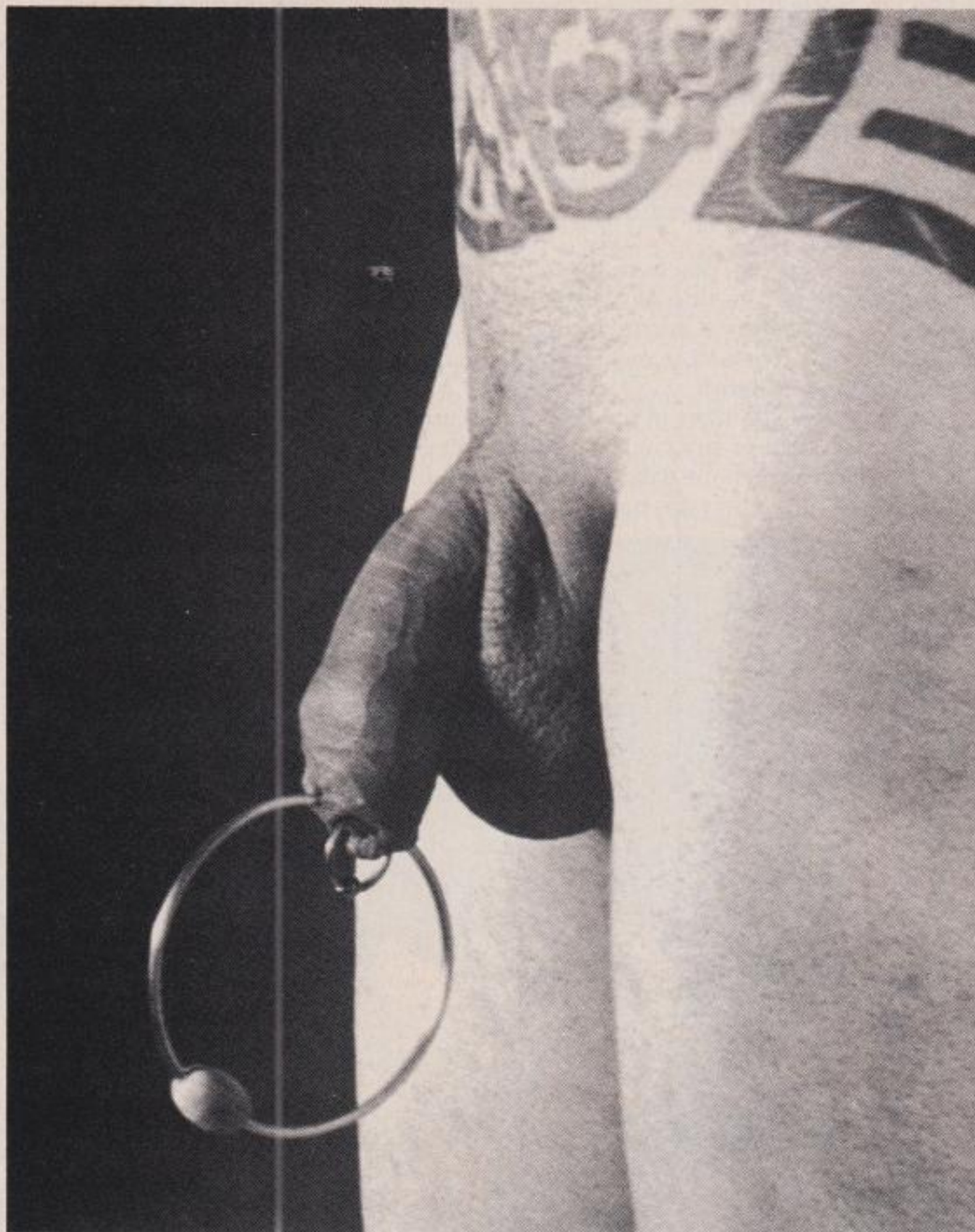


Photo Gauntlet/PFI Quarterly

The more lotion and the more massaging of the tender skin the better. After a few minutes, I rub on some more. This is when the temptation to beat off is the greatest, as you feel the smooth skin respond under the slippery, warm lotion.

Afterwards, gently rub off the excess lotion with a cloth, leaving a thin coating over the entire area. In about half an hour, you're ready to hit the streets and show off your hairless crotch and ass to the world.

COLORED NEEDLES

by Michael Endicott-Ross

Tattoos have indicated everything from rank and privilege to social identification. Asian history, older than European history, has examples of poverty class *himin* (non-people) tattooed on their foreheads to separate them from the local inhabitants. Japan used tattoos throughout history as a mark of privilege, and the samurai warrior tattoos have a present day manifestation in the

yakusa, the Japanese gangster with his elaborate body tattoos covering the arms, back, thighs and waist, and buttocks.

While the Japanese tattoos are the most striking, aboriginal tribes in Africa and the Pacific Islands also possess intricate, ritualistic and unique body decorations.

But in the twentieth century tattoos took on a more earthy, roughish nature. They were found on sailors and common laborers, on prisoners and anti-social teenagers. Navy men (for a while) passed through a period where they were expected to get drunk and get 'marked' at the urging of their peers.

The tattoo still carries a mystique about it, even though it is much more common nowadays to know at least one or two friends who have one.

Some of the best known American tattoo artists, like Spider Webb and Cliff Raven, have caused a revival of interest in tattooing as an erotic physical enhancement. The diversity of the

designs and where the tattoos are placed have sent a lot of previously unmarked hunks into the tattooer's chair and gotten them to strip down for a unique signature all their own.

There are annual gatherings of tattooed men (and women) in a number of cities across the country, and tattoos have moved from the waterfront to posh uptown parlors.

Anything can be tattooed, even teeth—a California dentist who is also a part-time tattoo artist has introduced tattooing on teeth and gotten a lot of takers.

Tattoos on the genitals are slightly rare but not completely uncommon, but tattoos on the balls are less common, since the skin of the ball sack tends to be thicker than the skin anywhere else. Tattoos at the base of the cock, like eagle wings, which are very popular, require that the crotch be shaved for maximum viewing effect. Elaborate tattoos that start on the stomach or thighs and work their way on to the genitals are becoming more and more popular as American men adopt the Japanese *yakuza* motifs.

One of the best demonstrations of how tattoos are created was utilized in the movie *Tattoo* with Bruce Dern. Although Dern played a tattoo artist that was a psycho (and a lot of real tattoo artists think that was grossly unfair), the elaborate detail and coloring that a full body tattoo can encompass was showed in the movie, as well as some of the authentic scenes of a Japanese festival where tattooed men parade through the streets wearing the oriental version of a posing strap, showing off their full body tattoo work.

The safest, best tattoos are those done by licensed tattoo artists, the worst—and most dangerous—are those done to themselves by amateurs. But learning how to tattoo is a skill that requires practice and the right tools. Learning to be a tattoo artist is an art that requires a special calling.

NOTABLE

PFI Quarterly (Piercing Fans International) is a superb magazine edited by Jim Ward. In existence since 1977, the *PFI Quarterly* contains piercing information, history and innovations. Each issue is well-illustrated with photographs and drawings. A sample copy is available for \$6 from: Gauntlet, 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

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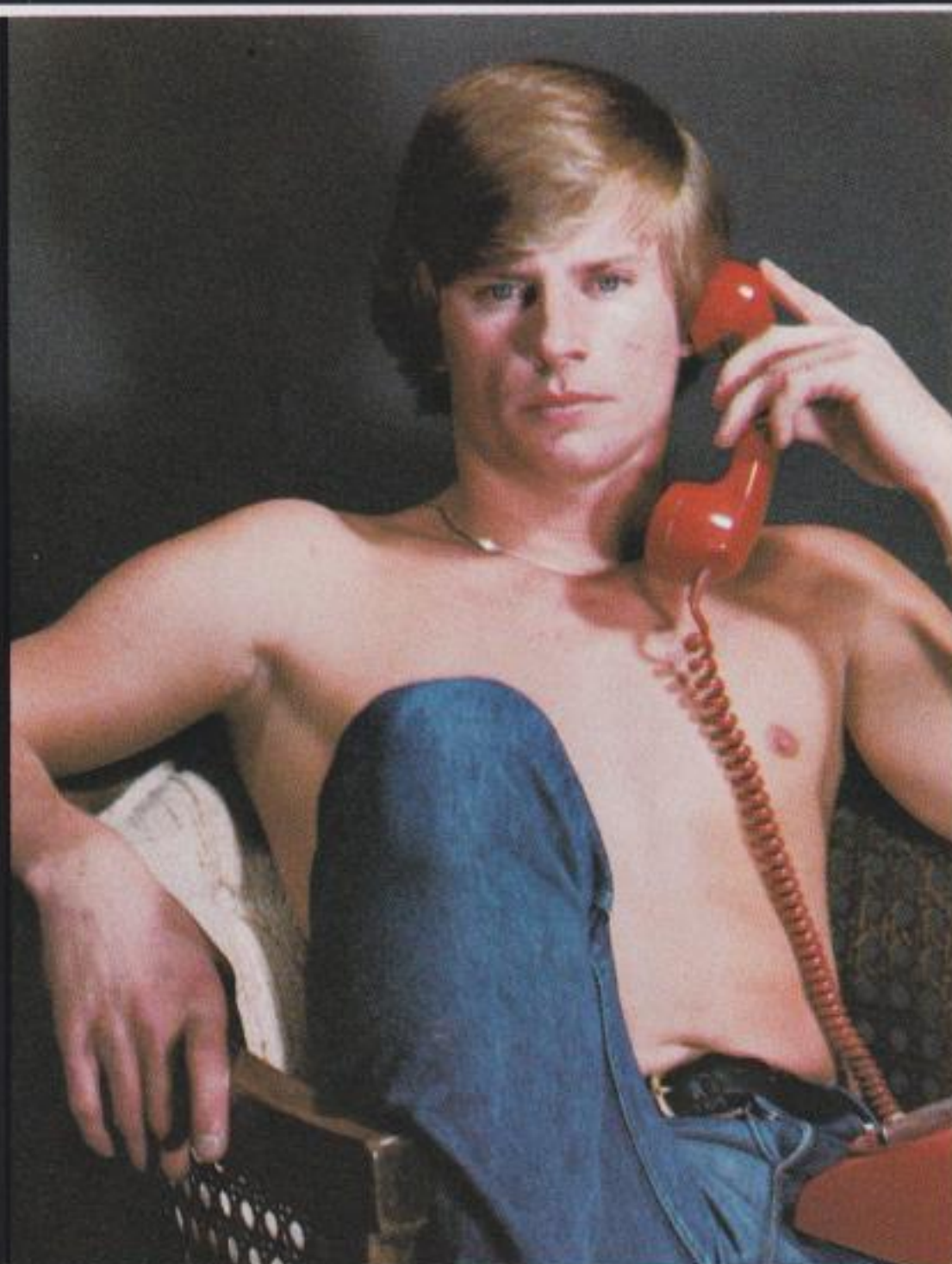
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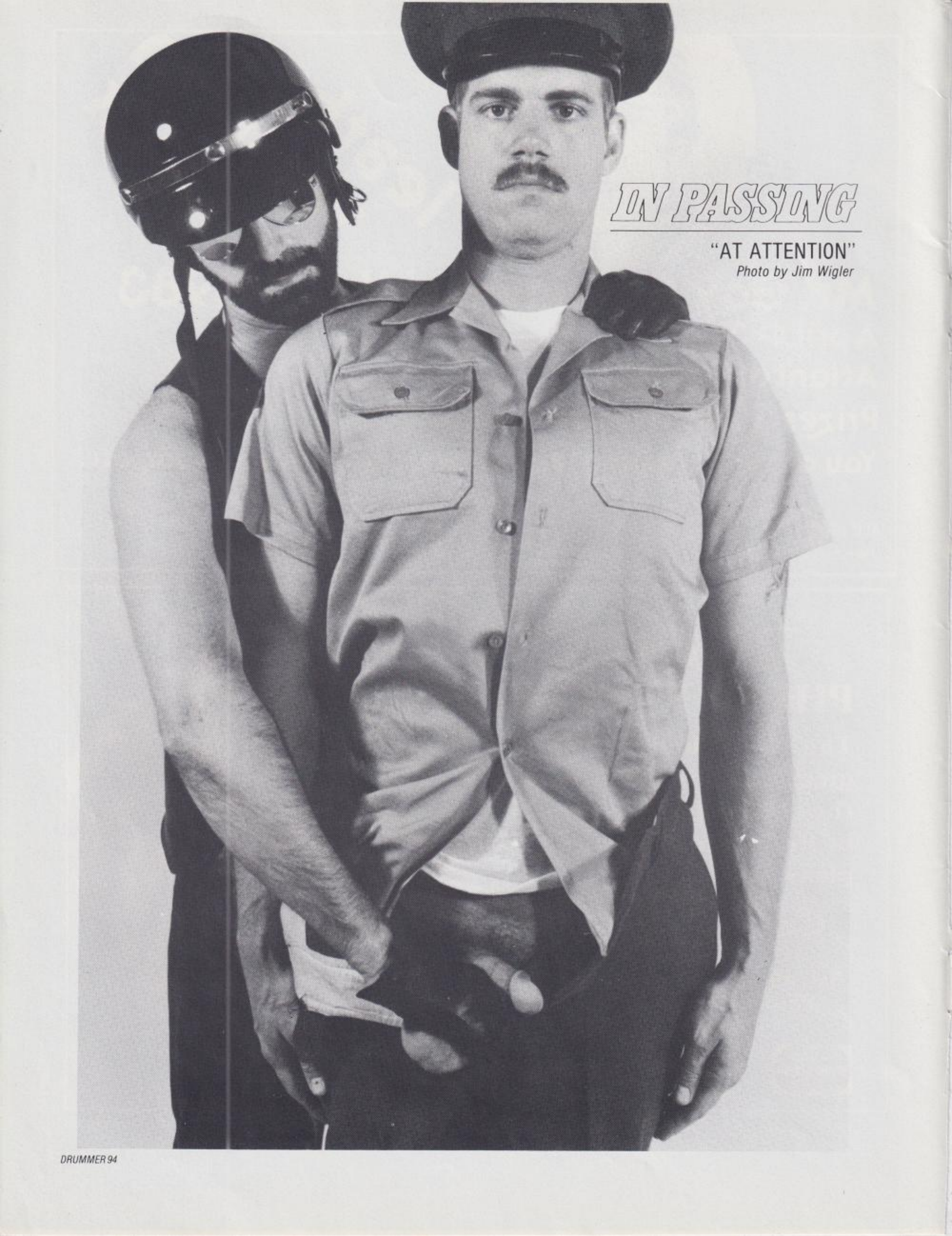
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